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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

We have no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, headed by Mrs. Besant or others, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own.

EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1931

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Theosophical Reading

ONE of the first lessons that Theosophy teaches its students is that truth, if it be truth, is universal, itself unchanging within all its protean forms,—so that the sluggard can, in fact and with profit, learn from the ant, and the same golden grain can be gleaned from widely separated fields. Whatever is studied in the light of Theosophy becomes a text book of Theosophy, for life is one, and to comprehend its action anywhere is to understand something of its action everywhere. The enigmas which baffle us in our own complex nature, may lose all ambiguity when seen resolved into their elements in simpler forms, and therefore the keys to self-knowledge must often be sought without, rather than within, the self. We are, in general, too close to ourselves, too lacking in detachment, to see ourselves in a perspective into which some part does not obtrude itself to the obscuration of the whole. Introspection commands no vantage point, and remains too limited in its field, until we learn either to rise above our problems or to project them beneath us, so that we can look down upon them as from a height. As there is no form of life that does not manifest some aspect of our life, there is none that has not something to tell us of ourselves,—some guidance to give us in our efforts toward self-mastery.

It is this guidance which the genuine student of Theosophy seeks, and finds, in all about him: in the morning newspaper and the observations of the brakeman on the train, in the garden and the nursery, in his business and from his friends, and in all he reads. Every book has for him two subjects: that which the author intended, and that which, perhaps despite the author, shines through it of Theosophy. It does not matter what it is; so long as it has any reality or truth, it is a revelation of eternal Reality and Truth, and of the way in which life acts, and as such it is of moment to him. As there are two subjects, so also are there two languages in which every book is written—a particular and a

general—and though the first may be almost unknown to him, the second is simple and plain, for it concerns that which is the same in all tongues and ages.

Cytology and the Heresy of Separateness

An interesting illustration of the wider interpretation which Theosophy gives our reading, is afforded by a recent paper from the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, dealing with what is regarded as the unit form of life—the cell. In "The New Cytology" (*Science*, March 20, 1931), Dr. Alexis Carrel points out that the studies of the past years have proved less fruitful than had been hoped, in advancing knowledge of the cell, because investigation had been based upon concepts that were too limited and partial. Few names carry more weight in medical circles than that of Dr. Carrel, and the new technic for the study of the cell, which he here develops and explains, will doubtless command the attention which biologists give to anything that he sponsors. The interest of the paper to students of Theosophy, however, is less in Dr. Carrel's technical recommendations than in the philosophic implications of the concepts he advocates,—implications with which Dr. Carrel and his followers seem very little concerned, but which constitute, in effect, an abandonment of the materialistic position for that of mysticism and Theosophy. Read in the light of Theosophy, Dr. Carrel's argument, whatever may have been his conscious intent, becomes an exposé, upon its own plane, of one of the first and most pernicious of the delusions that theosophic teaching seeks to dispel—"the great heresy of separateness".

Dr. Carrel's contention is that cytology properly deals with both cells and tissues, and should be concerned with their functions as well as with their structure; but that in the study of the form the study of the function has been neglected, so that the result is incomplete, and can neither explain the simplest pathological phenomena, "such as the cicatrization of a wound or the growth of a tumour", nor show how cells and tissues build up organized beings. In the first few pages, we read that cells "have been abstracted from both space and time. In fact they have been stripped from their reality. Obviously the traditional conception has to be given up. . . . *Cells and environment form a whole.* A cell depends as strictly upon its medium as the nucleus upon the cytoplasm. . . . The organic medium is secreted by the tissues and, in its turn, regulates their activity. . . . But each cell type responds in its own way to a same environment. We may assume that the state of a tissue rests simultaneously on its hereditary properties and previous history, and on the conditions of its medium. . . . To summarize: The conception of the cells and of the tissues, which I propose to substitute for the classical one, is that of a system, *cells-environment*, of which the structural, functional, physical, physico-chemical and chemical conditions are considered in time as well as in space."

It is obvious that what Dr. Carrel is here urging, as necessary for the right understanding of the individual cell, is exactly what Theosophy has always represented as essential for the right understanding of any individuality, great or small. So long as we think of anything as a separate and isolated form, we

can have no true picture of it; for what it is depends quite as much upon its functions as upon its form; upon what it does, or what it is dynamically, quite as much as upon what it is statically. The moment, however, that we broaden our view, so as to consider what anything does, observing how it affects and is affected by its environment, we have to face the problem of how these effects are brought about. How are things which are separate, able to act upon one another? Philosophically, every attempt to answer this problem breaks down, if it does not in some way postulate a unity, a greater Self, that includes within itself the things that we see reacting on each other.

This is a conclusion now reached by physics as definitely as by metaphysics. The separate form, which at first may appear to be the individual thing itself, is not more than a focus, or nucleus of individuality,—the individual really including all that it influences or is influenced by. Thus the individual electron, or electric charge, is no longer considered as something that is localized at a point. At the point there may be, truly, a focus or nucleus, but the charge itself is not confined to the focus but is felt through the whole of space. In this very actual sense every electron is infinite, penetrating and being penetrated by every other electron. The old dogma that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, has had to be surrendered; for the view of matter, as composed of hard, round little marbles, that can only touch one another upon their surfaces, has proved quite inadequate to explain the phenomena that matter presents.

This dogma was, of course, never accepted in the East. As was pointed out in Mr. Willson's *Ancient and Modern Physics*, Hindu physics stressed the permeability and interpenetration of all things, while the West was laying emphasis upon an assumed impenetrability. In the Eastern view, men do not live *on* the Earth, but *in* it; since the Earth's atmosphere is part of the Earth. Similarly, the sun is not a distant fiery ball, separated from us by millions of miles of empty space. The visible sun is only the central point or nucleus of the true sun, which is the total sphere of its influence: of its light, heat, electric and magnetic radiation, its gravitational pull, etc., etc., and the Earth and all the planets exist within this sphere, as part of it. The Earth and sun interpenetrate one another; were it not so, no life could exist on the Earth. The sun, in its turn, exists within still other spheres, and so on without limit. To speak of "man's life *on* Earth", as is done in the West, seems to isolate that life from all about it; but to speak of "man's life *in* Earth", as is required by the Eastern view, suggests the limitless infinitudes which embrace his life and make him part of themselves. "On" is a word that limits us to the surface of things; "in" implies depth; and if on the surface there is separation, there is unity in the depths. Paradoxical as it may sound, to go in is to go out; the deeper we penetrate, the broader is the base revealed.

In asking his fellow biologists to cease regarding the cell as a separate entity, and to study, instead, cell and environment as one whole, Dr. Carrel may himself consider that he is only applying to cytology the same postulates and concepts of individuality that physics and chemistry have recently found it

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necessary to adopt; but in so doing he is, in fact, abandoning the philosophic position of the West for that of the East; and, if his views prevail, he will have brought his science that much nearer to Theosophy, in its doctrine of the unity of life as opposed to "the great heresy of separateness".

The Self and its Environment

What practical difference would it make in a man's thoughts and actions, if, without other knowledge of Theosophy, he were to be led, by the principle of correspondence, to extend to his own individuality Dr. Carrel's concept of the cell, and become persuaded that his true entity, his real Self, was the self and its environment regarded as one whole? It is doubtful if he could avoid going further; for really to believe, to the point of living, any aspect of Theosophy, inevitably reveals other aspects, so that one is led on, whether one wishes it or no. Our environment, in its largest sense, is of course the sum total of all that influences us or that we influence. It is, in this sense, the whole universe; and the beginning of the "nucleus of a universal brotherhood", which The Theosophical Society seeks to establish, may well exist in just such a recognition of all about us as constituting a larger and truer Self than does our separate personality. Once we have gained this recognition, our old self-centredness cannot endure. It is the whole which interests us and the changing pattern of the lines of action and reaction that run throughout it, linking all together. For one group of these, those which radiate from the personal self, we see ourselves to be primarily responsible; and the question arises as to how that responsibility is fulfilled. What passes over these lines? As we draw from others, so must others draw from us. We can no longer blind ourselves to the fact that we are our brother's keeper; and our brotherhood is universal,—a brotherhood of all men and of all beings, of bird and beast and plant and rock, and cooling streams and flaming suns, and distant, silent stars. What do we give back for all we take?

In whatever direction we look, and however casual our glance, we see our dependence upon our environment; and the more science advances, and the more we know of ourselves, the less self-contained we perceive ourselves to be. No man needs to be told that he could not live without water to drink and air to breathe; but physiology shows us also the dependence of human life upon the dilute salts in the ocean, and upon the rare gases that exist in the atmosphere only in such minute quantities that they remained long undetected. We need the light of the sun as vitally as its heat, and meteorologists trace the effects upon our climate of the recurring cycles of sun spots. The materialism of our age gives little thought to "the aspect of the heavenly bodies", but their material influence can scarcely be ignored when physicists are isolating "cosmic rays", and measuring their power of penetration. These things are symbols. As our physical life reaches into "the two infinitudes", and draws both from the infinitely little and the infinitely great, so does our mental, moral and spiritual life. The "One Mind" common to all individual men, the "Over Soul" in which all souls are one, the "Eternal Spirit", from which all spirit emanates and to which

it must return—it is these that environ us and which, in their infinite wholeness, constitute the Self.

The Higher and the Lower Self

This, at least, is the inescapable logic both of our philosophy and of Dr. Carrel's concept of the cell; but men none the less cling to a narrow self-identification that embraces little more than the affairs of their separate personalities; and the environment, of which they are from day to day conscious, rarely opens for them wide vistas and long views, but seems rather like a windowless wall shutting them in upon themselves. It is a useful and a humbling practice to ask ourselves, at the close of the day, from what levels of Being have come the influences to which we have consciously responded, and, similarly, what have been the aims to which our acts have been directed and the levels to which they have reached. It shows us how persistently we belittle ourselves, and choose the trivial rather than the great. With all the powers of the universe before us, though we are,

> ". . . owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain",—

we have occupied body, mind and heart with—what? For what have we laboured? What have we read, thought, and spoken? What have we hoped and feared? What has been augmented, and what made less, because of us this day? We cannot face such questions, in the light of Theosophy, without perceiving that, for the most part, we live our lives like sleep-walkers, blind to what lies about us, intent only upon the obsessions of a dream. Why is there this tragic discrepancy between the potential and the actual, between theory and experience?

We may find an answer by turning back to the sentences quoted from Dr. Carrel's paper, again applying to ourselves what he has to say of the cell. Dr. Carrel takes pains to remind us that each different cell type responds differently and "in its own way" to one and the same environment, and he insists that to understand this response it must be studied "in time as well as in space", the state of a tissue resting "simultaneously on its hereditary properties and previous history, and on the conditions of the medium". This medium, upon which the cell "depends as strictly as the nucleus upon the cytoplasm", is the distillation which the cell itself makes from the environment, the residual essence of its past actions and reactions. It is first "secreted by the tissues", and then, "in its turn, regulates their activity", for, according to its nature, it is responsive to one class of stimuli and resistant to another. It thus serves as a selective screen between the nucleus and its wider environment. This is the function that the past must always exercise in relation to the present; for the past furnishes the only medium through which the present can act.

The Subtile Vestures

We have, in this, the clue that we have been seeking. What we find in our environment to-day, what we realize of the Higher Self, is the result of what we have sought from it in the past. At the root of every present condition lies past choice and desire. This is true on every plane of our being. Our physical senses are keen to discern that which our interests have trained them to note, but soon fail to respond to what we regard with indifference. Mentally it is the same. From our past thinking has been woven a "mind body" that is far subtiler, but no less definite in its qualities, than the body of flesh. Like the medium which is secreted by and surrounds the cell, it acts like a selective veil between our thought and the contents of the great ocean of thought in which we are immersed. We can only use the vocabulary that we know, relate new concepts to those with which we are familiar; so if the new be too different from the old there is no way in which it can penetrate the mind body to reach our consciousness. As it is, it is meaningless to us and our minds reject it, until either we ourselves have grown up to it, or we have pulled it down to us, so changing, colouring and diluting it as to make it assimilable to our past. In the moral and emotional nature the same effect is even more noticeable. The self-centred man sees all things in terms of self; the lover, as they concern the one he loves. The suspicious man can see nothing worthy of his trust. Our character surrounds us like an aura. It is veil and vesture and instrument, —the medium that we have ourselves first secreted, and which then, in its turn, determines our activity by determining what can reach our consciousness from the infinite Self which lies all about us, and which we in fact are. This aura is our own creation; it is the living past, the carrier of our Karma; and the stuff of which it is made, though we writhe under it in anguish, is Desire. What desire has consolidated, desire can dissolve; so that to desire to change it, is to begin the change,—provided only that our desire be real and sustained. Of this there is one unfailing test: the effect upon our present actions, not where we are blind, but where we see, and so may freely choose.

The house of my soul is narrow—enlarge it, O God, that Thou mayst enter in!
—John Ruysbroeck.

FRAGMENTS

IN material life we are shrouded in darkness, mired so often in its sins, blinded by its false and meretricious reflections. Yet once the soul of man awakes and stretches forth his wings, he feels the existence of another world, within and also beyond him, the mere thought of which rouses vague memories and longings, and is like passing from the fetid atmosphere of a hot, dry room into the clear freshness of the outer air. Something is stirring, something is calling him, and if he respond, he has entered upon the beginning of that path whose ending is immortal life, and so is endless.

For the Eternal is calling home that which has long been exiled from it, in whose vast depths he shall not be extinguished, but find himself. Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!

To some of us, would-be disciples of this day and generation, such an experience has been granted: let us reflect upon it for a moment.

The bridegroom's love, its eagerness, its tenderness, its passion, has been used by Initiates of every time to shadow forth the love of the Infinite for the finite, of the Master for the soul which is his own.

We stand here on the brink of an abyss, so deep, so overpowering in its immensity, that we tremble as we face it, and darkness comes over our fainting consciousness. It is the magnificence of these realities of the Eternal that staggers us, and we fly back to disbelief to recover breath and reason.

Yet it is in man's power to adapt himself to the marvels of the spiritual world, to realize himself as inherent part of them; the path of the disciple's development and progress lies along these dizzy heights. . . .

To see Christ throned in glory we must see him on the Cross, where, as has been said, there is a blood-stained beauty before which all other beauty dies; an altar raised at the very centre of manifested life, in whose eucharistic sacrifice we must all partake who would follow the mystic way. There is reached the Heart of the universe for our unending adoration.

So in the Passion there is supreme glory; a faint and distant shout of triumph, growing clearer as we listen for it, sounds within our ears, the pæan of the angels as the heavenly host sweeps across the sky, sweeter far than the song above the sleeping, winter hills of Bethlehem. The darkness of Calvary, unlike the darkness of Christmas, is fringed with the first faint streaks of the Easter

dawning, victory for the individual, as victory for the world, in the understanding, and entering into it.

Even in the darkest hour of our sense of feebleness and helplessness let us then find promise, remembering the dereliction of the Cross, since hidden beneath the veil of outer things there is always to be found the splendour of their inner meaning.

A great saint has said: "When you see imperfections and sins in yourselves, cast them into the great furnace of the love of God; and as a thread is consumed in the fire, so all these things will be consumed in the love of Christ. For so, also, our God is a consuming fire."

Yet that these things may be for us, we must take our pain and sorrow in their spirit; thus bear our burdens; wage our warfare to its supreme end in valorous self-giving, offering passion for Passion. In so doing, our finiteness shall be at-oned with the Infinite.

If I give my all, have I not met that which has given me all? *The dewdrop slips into the shining sea.*

CAVÉ.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

III

IN reply to Olcott's official letter of February 7th, 1894, from India (see THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1931; p. 35), in which he had peremptorily notified Judge that in view of Mrs. Besant's charges against him, he must either resign all offices in the T. S. or submit to trial by a Judicial Committee,—Judge had cabled immediately (March 10th): "Charges absolutely false. You can take what proceedings you see fit; going to London in July."

On March 15th, 1894, Judge issued a circular letter addressed, "To all members of the Theosophical Society", and headed, "Charges against William Q. Judge". In it he said that he was bringing certain facts to the attention of members "so that surprise and perhaps confusion may be prevented." He did not mention Mrs. Besant by name, but tried to cover her, for the time being, by the phrase: "the assertion is made in India that I have been guilty of 'misuse of the names and handwriting of the Mahatmas.' " He told of Olcott's action; gave the wording of the cable in reply, just quoted; denied the truth of the charges explicitly and unqualifiedly, and then said that although he would never object to a proper investigation by competent persons,—"on constitutional and executive principle I [Judge] shall object from beginning to end to any committee of the Theosophical Society considering any charge against any person which involves an inquiry and decision as to the existence, names, powers, functions, or methods of the 'Mahatmas or Masters.' " "I shall do this", he said, "for the protection of the Theosophical Society now and hereafter, regardless of the result to myself," because any decision would establish a dogma in a Society which must at all costs be kept free from dogmas.

This letter of March 15th not only inspired much that was done at the San Francisco Convention, described in the last instalment, but had important repercussions in London.

In the letter to me of June 6th, 1894 (see p. 45 of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1931), Judge had written that he was "soon coming" to London. He was coming from New York, after his exhausting visits to the many Branches of the Society between the West and the East Coast, to face Mrs. Besant, Colonel Olcott and his other accusers before the so-called Judicial Committee. He arrived at Southampton, accompanied by Dr. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati, several days before the Committee was due to assemble. Dr. Archibald Keightley and I met them at the dock and travelled with them to London. Judge was obviously very tired and frail. Dr. and Mrs. Keightley were anxious that he should stay with them at Richmond, so as to avoid the inimical atmosphere at Avenue Road; but he insisted that it was his duty to stop at Headquarters, where he remained throughout all the hideous weeks preceding and following

"the Trial". Dr. Buck stayed there also. Only on a few occasions, and then for not more than an hour or two, did Judge escape to Richmond "to be with friends".

It had been assumed both by Mrs. Besant and by Olcott that the Judicial Committee would put an end to Judge as a factor in the Theosophical Society. Instead of this, when the Committee met, it was *they* who were on the defensive, and not Judge,—as any one can see by referring to the report of the Proceedings, and of the European Convention which followed, published officially, in the same terms, both in *The Path* and *Lucifer*. There were four main contributing reasons for this—to them—unexpected outcome.

First: although Annie Besant's influence, as time passed, was sufficient to turn the majority of English members against Judge, the immediate situation was that while Judge was very little known in England, except as an American, which was not in his favour in those days, most English members knew how disloyal Olcott had been to H.P.B., and how much she had suffered at his hands, during the last years of her life. It would not be too much to say that they disliked him, many finding his transparent vanity and jealousy positively mortifying in the President of the Society. In this case, to make matters worse, he had violated the most elementary principles of fair-play, and English people, as a rule, object to that: it is against their code.

In an official letter dated March 20th, 1894, to Judge, as General Secretary of the American Section, Olcott (following the receipt of Judge's cable of March 10th) had announced that the Judicial Committee would convene at "our London Headquarters on the 27th June next." In another official letter of the same date, Olcott had informed Judge that, "as the accused party . . . you are entitled to enjoy the full opportunity *to disprove* the charges [unspecified] brought against you." These two letters were dated on the day Mrs. Besant left India for London.

In their haste to give Judge his death-blow, they had lost all sense of the decencies: they had acted as if it were permissible to call a man a liar and a cheat, and then, without furnishing him with any Bill of Particulars, to haul him into Court and demand that he prove the contrary. There were many members who knew well the established rule of British law that charges must be based upon alleged facts, and that the accused must be supplied with these allegations, before he can be called upon legally to disprove them; so that Olcott's assumption, in an official letter, that charges not even formulated were as good as proved, and that Judge would be allowed to disprove them if he could,—made a most unfavourable impression.

Second: Mrs. Besant's public accusation of Judge, before giving him an opportunity to refute the charges privately, distinctly jarred, *at first*, on the rather muddled idea of "brotherly obligation" which most members in England had absorbed. It took Mrs. Besant some little time to educate them into the conviction that "obligations", no matter how explicit, must be interpreted as expediency requires. It was fortunate for the Movement that Judge maintained the exact opposite, for in America, in any case, there still are many who

know that by his fidelity to H.P.B. under that head as in all other respects, he saved the "nucleus" from destruction.

Third: Mrs. Besant and Olcott had blundered tactically in allowing the General Secretary of the Indian Section, Bertram Keightley, who was both weak and obstinate, to leave India ahead of the procession of Judge's accusers. He arrived in London some time before she did, and, with Chakravarti no longer at his elbow, temporarily fell under the influence of George R. S. Mead, General Secretary of the European Section.

George Mead, by this time suspicious of everyone—not only of Judge, but of H.P.B., Olcott and Annie Besant also—was still trying to be neutral. He had seen, both that Olcott had been unfair, and that the effect of Judge's circular letter of March 15th, could not be ignored. He pointed this out to Keightley, who had been educated as a lawyer, and who found it easy to concede this, because, although he hated Judge (the reasons are on record), it was far from his desire to exalt Olcott; in fact, he was rather glad of an opportunity "to put Olcott in his place". If he wished to exalt anyone, it was Chakravarti, with himself (Keightley) as next President of the T. S. and Chakravarti's representative; and as his double or triple purpose could be accomplished only by destroying all trust in H.P.B. and Judge, it was necessary to use Olcott as a means to that end, but no further. The result was that Keightley joined Mead in an official letter, dated March 27th, which explicitly convicted Olcott of a series of violations of the Constitution of the T. S. in his handling of the Judge matter, reminding him that they were "members of that General Council of the Theosophical Society from which, as recited in Art. VI, Sec. 1, you 'derive your authority' as President of the T. S., and to which, as therein provided, you 'are responsible for its exercise'." This put Olcott on the defensive. He was told publicly that his official letter of February 7th "contains no copy in writing of any charges, does not give the names of the persons who bring such, and even contains no specific statement of what are the exact charges brought"; further, "that in officially giving Mr. Judge the alternatives of resigning all his offices in the T. S. or submitting to the inquiry proposed, you have again departed from the procedure laid down by the Constitution", and that "by so doing you place yourself officially in the position of having prejudged the case and virtually announce before any inquiry has taken place or even any specific charges have been formulated, that you believe Mr. Judge guilty." The attitude of these two men, members of the General Council, seriously threatened Olcott's position, as well as depriving him and Mrs. Besant of the hope that, between them, they could stampede a majority of the Judicial Committee.

Fourth, and even more disconcerting, was Judge's own attitude,—totally unexpected as the event proved. Not content with, though standing squarely on, the principles enunciated in his letter of March 15th, and elaborated in the American Convention Resolutions, which, for the most part, were legal principles; not content, either, with a mere denial of the acts charged against him (misuse of Masters' names and handwritings), he put his accusers into a terrible predicament by declaring further, as Olcott found it expedient to admit when speaking

in Judge's presence,—"that Mahatmas exist, are related to our Society and in personal contact with himself [Judge]; and *he* [Judge] *avers his readiness to bring many witnesses and documentary proofs to support his statements.*" Those words are from Olcott's long defence of himself, read by him before the Committee,—Olcott immediately adding: "You will at once see whither this will lead us"! Well,—Olcott and Annie Besant in any case saw that it might lead *them* into the very opposite of what they wanted. So it was they, not Judge, who "backed water" and who brought the "Inquiry" to naught. "Candour compels me to add", Olcott protested, further on in the same prepared statement ("Candour"! He was admitting what everyone knew), "that . . . Mr. Judge has travelled hither from America to meet his accusers before this Committee, and announces his readiness to have the charges investigated and decided on their merits by any competent tribunal" (see official Report).

Mrs. Besant, from that day to this, has deliberately misrepresented these facts. She has declared repeatedly that Judge evaded a trial by raising legal technicalities,—a thoroughly characteristic perversion of the truth.

The meeting of the Judicial Committee was preceded, on July 7th, by a meeting of the General Council, with Olcott, Bertram Keightley, Mead, and Judge (Judge not voting) present. They ruled that "the Judicial Committee has no jurisdiction in the premises to try him [Judge] as Vice-President upon the charges as alleged." This meant that Olcott, having officially convened a Judicial Committee to try Judge as Vice-President, now officially declared that it could not try him. No wonder that his effort to "save face", Chinese fashion, was laboured and lengthy! But the Committee, having been convened, had to meet. It met in the Blavatsky Hall, at 19 Avenue Road, on July 10th.

"Present: Colonel Olcott, President-Founder, in the chair; the General Secretaries of the Indian and European Sections (Mr. B. Keightley and Mr. G. R. S. Mead); Delegates of the Indian Section (Mr. A. P. Sinnett and Mr. E. T. Sturdy); Delegates of the European Section (Mr. Herbert Burrows and Mr. W. Kingsland); Delegates of the American Section (Dr. J. D. Buck and Dr. Archibald Keightley); Special Delegates of Mr. Judge (Mr. Oliver Firth and Mr. E. T. Hargrove); Mrs. Besant and Mr. Judge were also present." James M. Pryse was selected by the American Delegates to sit in place of the General Secretary (Judge), American Section.

As I have said, Olcott's chief preoccupation, by this time, was to defend and excuse himself, and also, by instinct, to gain time. Mead, still trying to be neutral on March 27th, and even now "playing fair" in his official capacity, had become definitely anti-Judge. He had sought an interview with Judge some days before, at which Judge, as he told me later, had tried to show Mead his "real heart"; but Mead had approached him with his hard, dry mind, full of suspicion,—a mind already darkened with disloyal suspicions of H.P.B. He was incapable of understanding the heart of a great Occultist, and could interpret it only in terms of himself. Judge's deep humility and simplicity were utterly beyond him. He could see neither that, nor Judge's intense desire to help him.

Judge's enemies shared two outstanding characteristics: they entirely lacked humour, and they were devoid of mysticism. (Olcott thought that he loved humour, but this was because he enjoyed comic songs and practical jokes.) All that is necessary is to read what they have written.

As a rule, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* but some of these dead still think they are alive; so now is the time to speak, rather than later, when the more painful evidences of death will have been removed. "Illogical", some will perceive. Yes, truly; but I am referring to Kama Loka.

Of Bertram Keightley, perhaps enough has been said already. Never again, it is rumoured, did he leave the elbow of Chakravarti; never again, till he meets a furious H.P.B., will he know that Day and Night are different.

Sinnett, bitterly anti-Judge (Judge had vigorously supported H.P.B. in her dispute with Sinnett about the Earth Chain of Globes),—Sinnett ended his days with a vicious attack on H.P.B., repudiating her from the root up.

Sturdy had come specially from India to join in the condemnation of Judge. A pupil of H.P.B.'s, he had distrusted her even before she died, and his distrust, thinly concealed, had grown until he concealed it no longer. Inevitably he welcomed the attack on Judge as an opportunity to justify his disloyalty to her.

Herbert Burrows, anti-Judge, was a Socialist and Agnostic who had remained a Socialist and Agnostic when he followed Mrs. Besant into the Society in 1889. He was still following her, though he ceased to do so in a few months, and resigned from the Society a year later, for reasons as personal as those which led him to enter it. Mrs. Besant, he wrote (see *The Path*, January, 1896, p. 328), "Mrs. Besant *knows* that both Col. Olcott and Mr. Sinnett believe Madame Blavatsky to have been fraudulent; but she has had as yet neither the moral courage nor the honesty to say so. On the contrary, she quotes them in *Lucifer* as the all-round staunch and firm upholders of H.P.B., while at the same time she upbraids those who wish the real truth known as besmirchers and practical traitors". Burrows, through whom ran a streak of honesty, had till then lived in the delusion that Mrs. Besant was incapable of saying one thing and meaning another. No delusion could have been less excusable.

William Kingsland, anti-Judge, representing the European Section for that and no other reason, was a solitary, provincial person, whose idea of Theosophy was a static, intellectual concept, consisting chiefly of triangles and squares which never moved after they had once been neatly arranged on paper. To-day he pretends to "know" that Judge was guilty of the charges brought against him; but he knew and knows nothing of Judge whatever.

Buck was pro-Judge,—but such a weak reed! Coming from America as Judge's friend and supporter, a man of excellent presence and an experienced speaker, he might have done much to carry the spirit of the San Francisco Convention into the London Headquarters. But he was cowardly and was cowed. Vain, and a great "respecter of persons", he wanted to be "friends all round"; was for peace at any price, willing and anxious to compromise in every direction. Bold in San Francisco, he crumpled in London, and instead of being a help, Judge found him a burden. He reminded me of Bismarck's description of Lord

Salisbury: "A man of wood, painted to look like iron." He never deserted Judge during Judge's lifetime, but when he died, years after Judge, it is doubtful if he knew in whom or in what he believed.

If, in London, in 1894, Buck had been charged with moral cowardice, he might well have defended himself on the ground that Judge was urging all his friends—as readers of his letters will have seen—to work for "solidarity", for the T. S., and not to bother about him nor to counter-attack. And the truth is that very few of his friends realized instantly that Judge's duty was not necessarily theirs; that it is one thing for a leader to adopt such an attitude about himself, and a very different thing for his friends and followers to take him at his word. Failure to understand that elementary principle of Theosophy, was not, however, the cause of Buck's attitude. He was weak and he wobbled.

Next on the list, as a delegate of the American Section, stands the name of Archibald Keightley. Everyone knows where he stood, not only then, but to the end of his long life. Loyal to H.P.B., and equally loyal to Judge, he never wavered, and was the greatest support and comfort to Judge throughout those dreadful days. Mrs. Keightley (Jasper Niemand) was distressed beyond words that serious illness kept her temporarily out of the fray. Devoted to Judge, she did everything she could, but it was not until later that she was able to fight for him, as her whole soul longed to do.

For the selection of Oliver Firth as one of Judge's personal representatives, I was largely responsible. Judge declined to select anyone. Firth was a rough Yorkshireman, who knew nothing of Judge, one way or the other; but he had plenty of courage, and I believed he would stand for fair play at the "Trial", which he did; and that was the essential need.

James M. Pryse (though now he belittles Judge and all others, except himself) at that time was pro-Judge. He was courageous, but unfortunately carried no weight whatever because of his advertized psychism and general crankiness.

Ever since the summer of 1893, when Brahminical influence had descended upon the London Headquarters, and when occult "stunts" had been performed *and lines laid down*,—the atmosphere at Avenue Road, in both houses, had at times been appalling. Now, when the Committee finally met, the atmosphere was so tense with evil that it was rigid,—a *rigor mortis* in comparison with which the rigidity of a corpse would seem vibrant. For the Black Lodge had captured the last outer centre of H.P.B.'s work, just as they had captured Adyar years before. The atmosphere was made still worse by the cold fury of those who, for the moment, had been balked of their prey: the plot against Judge had miscarried—had in any case been checked—and those behind the scenes would be compelled to begin their campaign anew. Both Annie Besant and Olcott, for the reasons previously explained, had been put on the defensive, while Judge was still fighting desperately to keep the organization of the T. S. intact—in so far as that was possible without sacrificing principle—and, in the nature of things, as H.P.B.'s successor, was still doing his utmost to help and save his accusers. Struggling in this carefully prepared centre of enemy forces, it is a

revelation of Judge's detachment that he survived the strain. He was contending against an influence which may be compared to a cold, *palpable* and immensely powerful will, trying to paralyse your own, though in this case the entire hall was filled with it. Judge, of course, was the target.

Olcott, as Chairman, read his opening address, which, as stated already, consisted entirely of self-justification. In the official report, it filled three and a half pages, with less than one page given to the balance of the proceedings.

Following Olcott's address, Mead, for our information, read the minutes of the General Council meeting of the 7th. Olcott was then requested to lay before the Committee the charges against Judge. They were wholly indefinite and inadequate, and would have been thrown out by any grand jury in any part of the English-speaking world.

The official report states that the charges having been considered by the Committee, the following resolutions were passed:

> That although it has ascertained that the member bringing the charges and Mr. Judge are both ready to go on with the inquiry, the Committee considers, nevertheless, that the charges are not such as relate to the conduct of the Vice-President in his official capacity, and therefore are not subject to its jurisdiction.
>
> That this Committee is also of the opinion that as a statement by them as to the truth or otherwise of at least one of the charges as formulated against Mr. Judge would involve a declaration on their part as to the existence or non-existence of the Mahatmas, it would be a violation of the spirit of neutrality and the unsectarian nature and Constitution of the Society.

These resolutions in effect confirmed the stand of the San Francisco Convention, and so, as I have stated, the aim of Mrs. Besant and Olcott had, for the moment, been frustrated,—except to the extent that their evil-speaking, still unchecked, would necessarily continue to poison uncritical and credulous minds.

Both Judge and Annie Besant spoke on several occasions in the course of the proceedings, though what they and others said was not included in the official report. Judge, in spite of his exhaustion, spoke as if he were in no way concerned personally,—rather as if he had been taking part in that sort of thing, all his life. Mrs. Besant's attitude I found revolting. She spoke as if she, the accuser, were the victim. Even in Judge's presence, she diffused self-pity. It seemed like rank hypocrisy until one remembered that she lived in a world of glamour, totally blind to her motives, one half of her saying anything to maintain her status in the eyes of her followers (at that time, of Chakravarti also), and the other half habitually convinced that she was sacrificing her all for Truth's sake, thus keeping vivid that picture of herself as hero and martyr which she had worshipped in a sort of ecstasy throughout her life.

The Convention of the European Section of the T. S. was held two days later—on July 12th and 13th—in the same hall. When Judge arrived, after Olcott's opening speech, he was greeted with prolonged applause,—the feeling of members for the moment drifting his way, with resulting uneasiness among

his accusers. At the evening session on the 12th, both Annie Besant and Judge read prepared statements on the subject of the charges, hers filling three pages, and his, one page, of the printed report. Her statement was entirely self-excusatory. To state the situation plainly, she was in a dreadful hole, and was doing her best to wriggle out of it. In an effort to make it appear, so far as possible, as if she had not attacked and condemned a brother Theosophist, she said that she wished it "to be distinctly understood that I do not charge and have not charged Mr. Judge with forgery in the ordinary sense of the term, but with giving a misleading material form to messages received psychically from the Master in various ways without acquainting the recipients with this fact."

Mrs. Besant then declared:

> I regard Mr. Judge as an Occultist, possessed of considerable knowledge and animated by a deep and unswerving devotion to the Theosophical Society. I believe that he has often received direct messages from the Masters and from their chêlas, guiding and helping him in his work. I believe that he has sometimes received messages for other people in one or other of the ways that I will mention in a moment, but not by direct writing by the Master nor by His direct precipitation, and that Mr. Judge has then believed himself to be justified in writing down in the script adopted by H.P.B. for communications from that Master, the message psychically received, and in giving it to the person for whom it was intended, leaving that person to wrongly assume [who was responsible for such a childish assumption?] that it was a direct precipitation or writing by the Master Himself, that is, that it was done *through* Mr. Judge but done *by* the Master.

So far as precipitation was concerned, it was impossible, as Judge said, either to prove or to disprove whether precipitation had been the means used, or not, as that could be determined only by someone "able to see on that plane." As to the second means specified by Mrs. Besant, what evidence could she possibly have produced that messages were *not* "done" *through* Judge *by* the Master,—as had happened so often in the case of H.P.B.? On the face of it, an ordinary eye-witness of the writing of such a "message" could not have told whether, at such times, H.P.B. was writing it, or whether it was being "done" by a Master through her; it is equally clear that even a *good* clairvoyant could not have been certain, seeing that, on the one hand, either the Master or H.P.B. could have inhibited the clairvoyant's psychic vision, or, on the other hand, H.P.B., if she had wished, could have created a visible image of a Master in the astral light which would have been seen by the clairvoyant as the actual "doer" of the "message". It would seem, from Mrs. Besant's statement, that she had not so much as heard of these possibilities, and it is certain that she never even pretended that there were eye-witnesses, whether clairvoyant or not, when Judge wrote his "messages".

It came to this: if she had said, "Chakravarti assures me that 'messages' transmitted by Judge were not 'done by the Master', and that is all I know

about it",—she would have been telling the truth. Unfortunately for the Work, *the truth* is the last thing she was willing to tell.

She regarded Mr. Judge "as an Occultist", she said; but she regarded Chakravarti as the equivalent of a Master. Therefore she believed Chakravarti as against Judge, and not only as against him, but as against H.P.B. and in defiance of every obligation she had assumed. It had been an elementary test of loyalty, and she had failed (a second failure at that point, to be followed by a third); while, so far as "messages" were concerned, she was not only as incapable then as she is now of telling the difference between the real and the unreal, or of recognizing different grades of chêlas and Adepts, but of telling the difference between the White and the Black varieties.

Mrs. Besant's statement suggests that her mental picture of the transmission of a "message" was three-fold and fixed:

(1) A Master in Tibet might choose to write a "message", disintegrate it, and then precipitate it in New York, London, or elsewhere;

(2) He might choose to instruct a chêla to do the work of disintegration and precipitation for him;

(3) He might choose to travel from Tibet in his astral body, and enter the body of a chêla in some other part of the world, and use the brain and arm of that chêla in order to write a "message".

All of these methods had been used in the course of the Movement since 1875, but all of them, in their different ways, were extravagant, as they required a greater expenditure of force, and on lower planes, than was necessary; and it must be remembered that the use of occult forces by the White Lodge *on lower planes*, opens the door to the Black Lodge on those same planes, often to the peril of the intended beneficiary. Spiritual law decrees that the higher the plane on which a Master exerts his influence, the less reaction is there in this world; the nearer the chêla can *ascend* toward the Master, the easier, simpler, and, in the occult sense, the less costly is the method of communication between them.

From the very beginning, *all* methods of communication had been used, from the highest and most spiritual, to the most concrete. It was one of the necessities of H.P.B.'s original mission that she should perform phenomena, in part as a weapon in her campaign against the errors of Spiritualism, and in part because a materialistic age could not be approached, much less impressed, except in that way. As time passed, however, the need for this diminished; the "precipitation" of messages was nearly discontinued, and methods far simpler—in a sense more spiritual also—came to be used with increasing frequency. Although these less "phenomenal" methods could be employed only in the case of a very highly trained instrument, the very fact that they were less "phenomenal" meant that they did not appeal in the same way to those who, like Sinnett, Mrs. Besant and the generality, not only were materially-minded, but entirely ignorant of occult procedure.

Mrs. Besant does not seem even to have taken into account a fourth method, standing, as it were, between the three already outlined, and the more spiritual;

that is: a Master might choose to control a chêla's arm from a distance, and thus produce a "message" in "his own handwriting". When that was done, the chêla would have been entrusted with specially magnetized paper, to be kept for that purpose. It was claimed (which really means "admitted") by Judge's enemies that H.P.B. *had* entrusted Judge with a supply of Tibetan or similar paper. Surely a little common sense might have solved most of Mrs. Besant's problems,—if she had been able and willing to rely upon that instead of upon Chakravarti.

As to the more spiritual methods: the first of Judge's letters in this present instalment—that dated August 7th, 1894—is written in blue pencil; a part of it is in the well-known script of Master K. H., and it is headed (not without a touch of humour, considering that Judge had but recently returned to New York from the "trial" in London)—"*non precipitado*". Yet that letter was not written by any of the methods outlined above, and is none the less as "genuine", in the occult sense, as anything that has appeared in Theosophical literature. Mrs. Besant's entire thesis was that if those parts of the letter, written in the K. H. script, had been written on a separate slip (worse, if written on an unusual kind of paper), and if I had been fool enough to imagine, at first, that Master K.H. had precipitated the slip for my delectation and titillation, then, if I chose to conclude later that it had not been precipitated, I should have been in a position—properly, theosophically, and without violating my "brotherly" obligations —to charge Judge with fraud. Could anything be more absurd, more outrageous,—and less theosophical?

All of Judge's enemies had an acute sense of separateness, which was unfortunate for them. When they attributed the same sense to Masters and chêlas, it became equally unfortunate for the Movement.

To resume the narrative, Mrs. Besant concluded her statement by saying:

> If you, representatives of the T. S., consider that the publication of this statement, followed by that which Mr. Judge will make, would put an end to this distressing business, and by making a clear understanding get rid at least of the mass of seething suspicions in which we have been living, and if you can accept it, I propose that this should take the place of the Committee of Honour [suggested by Herbert Burrows in the hope it might give Mrs. Besant what she wanted, after the negative outcome of the Judicial Committee], putting you, our brothers, in the place of a Committee. I have made the frankest explanation I can: I know how enwrapped in difficulty are these phenomena which are connected with forces obscure in their workings to most; therefore how few are able to judge of them accurately, while those through whom they play are not always able to control them. Now I trust that these explanations may put an end to some at least of the troubles of the last two years, and leave us to go on with our work for the world, each in his own way. For any pain that I have given my brother in trying to do a most repellent task, I ask his pardon, as also for any mistakes that I may have made.

It would seem impossible that Mrs. Besant could have been sincere when

expressing a wish to "put an end to this distressing business", since, almost immediately, she caused to be distributed a circular headed "Occultism and Truth"—to which reference will be made later—which was a vicious slap at Judge, and within two weeks was sailing for Australia, empowered by Olcott (in a document dated April 27th, or as soon as he had received the official protest of Mead and Keightley of March 27th) "to organize a Section or Sections", and "to authorize the formation of Branches",—so as to make sure of a majority vote against Judge on the General Council when the time came to renew her onslaught against him.

The tone of Judge's statement is strikingly different. He did not speak of his "brothers"; he did not call Mrs. Besant his "sister"; he apologized for nothing and expressed regret for nothing. He said:

> Since March last charges have been going round the world against me to which the name of Annie Besant has been attached, without her consent as she now says, that I have been guilty of forging the names and handwritings of the Mahatmas and of misusing the said names and handwritings. The charge has also arisen that I suppressed the name of Annie Besant as mover in the matter from fear of the same. All this has been causing great trouble and working injury to all concerned, that is, to all our members. It is now time that this should be put an end to once for all, if possible.
>
> I now state as follows:
>
> 1. I left the name of Annie Besant out of my published circular by request of my friends in the T. S. then near me, so as to save her and leave it to others to put her name to the charge. It now appears that if I had so put her name it would have run counter to her present statement.
>
> 2. I repeat my denial of the said rumoured charges of forging the said names and handwritings of the Mahatmas or of misusing the same.
>
> 3. I admit that I have received and delivered messages from the Mahatmas and assert their genuineness.
>
> 4. I say that I have heard and do hear from the Mahatmas, and that I am an agent of the Mahatmas; but I deny that I have ever sought to induce that belief in others, and this is the first time to my knowledge that I have ever made the claim now made. I am pressed into the place where I must make it. My desire and effort have been to distract attention from such an idea as related to me. But I have no desire to make the claim, which I repudiate, that I am the only channel for communication with Masters; and it is my opinion that such communication is open to any human being who by endeavouring to serve mankind affords the necessary conditions.
>
> 5. Whatever messages from the Mahatmas have been delivered by me as such—and they are extremely few—I now declare were and are genuine messages from the Mahatmas so far as my knowl-

edge extends; they were obtained through me, but as to how they were obtained or produced I cannot state. But I can now again say, as I have said publicly before, and as was said by H. P. Blavatsky so often that I have always thought it common knowledge among studious Theosophists, that precipitation of words or messages is of no consequence and constitutes no proof of connection with Mahatmas; it is only phenomenal and not of the slightest value.

6. So far as methods are concerned for the reception and delivery of messages from the Masters, they are many. My own methods may disagree from the views of others, and I acknowledge their right to criticize them if they choose; but I deny the right of any one to say that they know or can prove the ungenuineness of such messages to or through me unless they are able to see on that plane. I can only say that I have done my best to report—in the few instances when I have done it at all—correctly and truthfully such messages as I think I have received for transmission, and never to my knowledge have I tried therewith to deceive any person or persons whatsoever.

7. And I say that in 1893 the Master sent me a message in which he thanked me for all my work and exertions in the Theosophical field and expressed satisfaction therewith, ending with sage advice to guard me against the failings and follies of my lower nature; that message Mrs. Besant unreservedly admits.

8. Lastly, and only because of absurd statements made and circulated, I willingly say that which I never denied, that I am a human being full of error, liable to mistake, not infallible, but just the same as any other human being like to myself or of the class of human beings to which I belong. And I freely, fully, and sincerely forgive any one who may be thought to have injured or tried to injure me. To which I sign my name.—William Q. Judge.

Finally, Bertram Keightley moved and Buck seconded these resolutions:

That this meeting accepts with pleasure the adjustment arrived at by Annie Besant and William Q. Judge as a final settlement of matters pending hitherto between them as prosecutor and defendant with the hope that it may be thus buried and forgotten, and:

That we will join hands with them to further the Cause of genuine Brotherhood in which we all believe.

Thus ended the "Judge trial",—the beginning rather than the end of the campaign which his enemies, and the enemies of H.P.B.'s Work, waged against him. As already explained, the Black Lodge was the power behind the scenes; but those whose moral weaknesses laid them open to that influence, were none the less responsible. Without the actors on the stage, the Black Lodge would have been impotent.

The account I have given is a mere outline. There are records in connection with this period, which have never been printed, and some day, when the Lodge is ready, the whole story will be told; but not till then.

The first letter Judge wrote to me after his return to New York reveals *his* reaction from the "trial", and shows very clearly where *his* heart and interest had been centred, both then, and as he considered it in retrospect. Parts of the letter, as I have said, were in the script of Master K. H. I had written to Judge, shortly after his departure, expressing myself with considerable vehemence on the subject of what he refers to as "that absurdity in circulars called 'Occultism and Truth' ",—a circular which had been issued immediately after Mrs. Besant and Olcott had declared, each in his own way, that the "trial" and their "statements" were "a final settlement" of the Judge matter, and which, none the less, they caused to be printed in the same issue of *Lucifer* as that which contained the official report of the "trial" proceedings. The circular did not name Judge, but, signed by Mrs. Besant, Olcott, Sinnett, B. Keightley, Leadbeater (known at that time only as a "heeler" of Sinnett's), Sturdy, and Wynn Westcott—all of them Judge's avowed enemies—it explained elaborately how sad the mistake of supposing that the end justifies the means, and that Truth is unimportant. "Finding that this false view of Occultism", the circular continued, "is spreading in the Theosophical Society"—a statement as false as it could be—the subscribers quoted "a weighty utterance by a wise Indian Disciple" (Chakravarti), containing platitudes about "the Divine Light which is Truth Sublime", and left it to be clearly understood that although Judge had been "let off" for the moment, members should not allow themselves to be contaminated by his bad example. It is significant that the thing was not signed by George Mead. There was a distinct limit to the unfairness he could then tolerate, and in this case it was too obvious that Judge's enemies were trying to stab him in the back.

NEW YORK, August 7th, 1894.

Non precipitado

Dear Ernest,

Nothing is doing. Everybody is simmering and adjusting to the queer official circular.

Now my dear boy this is, as I said, an era. I called it that of Western occultism, but you may give it any name you like. But it's Western. The symbol is the well intended American republic which was seen by Tom Paine beforehand "as a new era in the affairs of the world." It was meant as near as possible to be a brotherhood of nations, and that is the drift of its Declaration and Constitution. The T. S. is meant to be the same, but has for many years been in fight and friction. It has now, if possible, to come out of that. It cannot be a brotherhood unless each, or some, of its units becomes a brother in truth. And *brother* was the noble name given in 1875 to the Masters. Hence you and I and all of us must cultivate that. We must forgive our enemies and those who assail us, for only thus can the great brothers properly help by working through us. There seems to be a good deal to forgive, but it is easily done inasmuch as in 50 years we'll all be gone and forgot.

Cut off then thoughts about those "foolish children" until harmonious vibra-

tions ensue to some extent. That absurdity in circulars called "Occultism and Truth", let go. I publish it, and have deliberately refrained from jumping at such a grand chance. So you see, forgive, forgive, and largely forget. Come along then, and with me get up as fast as possible the feeling of brotherhood.

Now then, you want more light and this is what you must do. You will have to "give up" something. To wit: have yourself called half an hour earlier than is usual and devote it *before* breakfast to silent meditation in which brood upon all great and high ideas. A half hour! surely that you can spare. And don't eat first. If you can take another half *before* you go to bed, and without any preliminaries of undressing or making things agreeable or more comfortable, meditate again. Now don't fail me in this. This is much to give up, but give it up recollecting that you are not to make all those preparations so often indulged in by people.

If by any god's chance you should flittingly or otherwise see me, please calmly note all appearances and let me know all about it. This is necessary for me.

K. H. said thus:

"The best and most important teacher is one's seventh principle centred in the sixth. The more you divest yourself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, and the more you are devoted to the service of others, the more Maya disappears and the nearer you approach to Divinity."

Good-bye then, and may you find that peace which comes from the Self.

WILLIAM Q.

The "circular" referred to in the next letter is the same "Occultism and Truth". Judge published it in *The Path* with the comment he now condenses.

When he says "8 months is a long time", he refers to the interval which it had been decided should precede my permanent departure for America.

"Alec" was Alexander Fullerton,—a thorn in Judge's side, still working at the Headquarters in New York, though as disloyal as he could be. He had helped Judge greatly in earlier days, both in editing the *Path* and in routine correspondence, and Judge held on to him to the last, hoping against hope that he might yet be able to pull Fullerton through.

NEW YORK, August 14th, 1894.

My dear Ernest,

I have yours just as you go off to France. Say, look here, never growl at anything you have to do. If you have to go as you do to see your folks, just take it as a good thing you have to do, and then it will redound to the good of them and yourself, but if it is a constant cross, then it does no good and you get nothing. Apply your theories thus. I got that circular, and had already sent it to the printer with note to say that it was all right and that we had thought the T. S. knew it well long ago, but a good thing could not suffer by repetition. So you see your and my idea are like. It is simply folly, and the way to do is

to keep at the right work and all the wrong work will go to pot. It is a contest of smiles if we really know our business.

Am glad you presided for it gave you a chance, and also gave you the beginning of a prestige. Let it be so again. You will probably have some other chances later like it, as 8 months is a long time.

The news as to Julius and A.K. is good. I have none. I think she will be better. It is a hard fight with such a nature.

All solid here. I have heard from California, and they are gay. They see that the March circular did the business, and are pleased to let the old man [Olcott] have his point of suspension. Countess is doing well. She has just written begging for some light on Manas, which I have sent her!! That is also an omen, as was the presidency by you of the B.T.S. [Blavatsky Lodge.]

Never be afraid, never be sorry, and cut all doubts with the sword of knowledge. Well, good luck and good bye. Alec is off in the country, and that is good, for he was not well.

Adios as ever,

WILLIAM Q.

Your sketch for *Path* is abominable yet has to go in. It omits your birth, etc. and the date of your entry to T. S. In fact it is rotten with absence of dates, except a fool date of some old chap in the bygone centuries.

"Chayskeed" is a delightfully fantastic jumble of "Che-Yew-Tsăng's Kid".

Beneath his signature to this letter, Judge had drawn a hand, pointing to the sign of Jupiter, and had then written: "Theosophical Astrology".

NEW YORK, September 29th, 1894.

My Dear Chayskeed,

I have your long letter. I thank you for it. It's all right. I know how the clouds come and go. That is all right too. Just wait, as the song says, till they roll by. I cannot write much as I am off to Boston tomorrow for some days. Beginning the campaign of reintegration. It was planned last April and now it begins. Any work of the sort you can do, good. Don't let the machinery be seen. Yes, I will write the book and it will be read and widely too. As for all those questions, I cannot reply now, and later will forget, but I will see you at night and you will get the information. Anyway you are right that struggling is wrong. Do it quietly; that is the way the Masters do it. The reaction the other way is just as you say. So you see your intuition is all right. Follow it to the end and look for the light. You will get it. Lines and nets are weaving all around of two sorts; you are in our sort. It is spreading all the time. It will benefit you. We are not alone, and we are not deserted at all, but the Master has so much wisdom that he is seldom if ever the prey of reactions. That is why he goes slowly. But it is sure. Hence some of us are being kept back for our own good.

Arouse, arouse in you the meaning of "thou art that", Thou art the self.

This is the thing to think of in meditation, and if you believe it, then tell some others the same. You have read it before, but now try to realize it more and more each day, and you will have the light you want.

Yes, I want articles. I printed that other and it is out today. Send more; if I can't use them all, you will have the practice. So go on and conquer.

If certain queries arise, put them down, headed "query", and send to me. I will file and use them from time to time, and perhaps in the book. Read or get a crumb from my other letters for news, as I have no time now for more. I try to help you all I can, and if you will look for wisdom you will get it sure, and that is all you want or need. Write all you like. If you can send now and then any jottings in shape for *Path* (for "Mirror"), do so, but send them by themselves so they will not be mixed with letters. No one sends those, so there is a chance.

Best love to you now and forever in the cross roads of life.

WILLIAM Q.

In his letter of October 20th, "A.F." stands for Alexander Fullerton; "the chinaware party" stands for Che-Yew-Tsăng (see the April instalment of these letters); "Julius" was a pen-name used by Mrs. Archibald Keightley.

NEW YORK, October 20th, 1894.

My Dear "Sir",

Have yours and article. Look here, I fear that A.F. will have to be told who the chinaware party is; he suspects it now. How funny to see the old articles reprinted by those who think they are so wise and know your mind and soul so well. Ha, ha. I will use the matter of course, and if I do not, will send it back; but I guess what I get from your place will have small chance to go back.

I am touring the section and driven to death. Am on the path of reintegration and did big work Boston and other places. When the devil begins again he will find much in the way. They will begin again, and will try it here too, you bet. But with the help of the gods, we'll lick them.

Tell Julius that I am not going to use that heart-shaped symbol at all, but another sort of thing that I am waiting for. I will let her know in time, first of all. It shall be done, but how, I am now not able to say. It is good news you give. I hope the good end of all her trouble is near. Now best love to you and proceed right on the line you have in mind. It is good. Think of me when you want to know, and if it be the time I am in bed you will get it sure, and if I am awake, then probably. Good bye as ever thine Sir,

Q.

(*To be continued*)

There is no word so secret that shall go for naught: and the mouth that belieth slayeth the soul.—WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

JONQUILS AND A CROIX DE GUERRE

WAR! War! It is like a dream,—of long ago, but from which I seem only now awaking. Men, off to their mobilization dépôts, en route to Berlin, a jaunt of a few weeks! Women, some excited, some tearful with their babies for papa "gone away"! Strangers, an exodus toward safety!

Of the numerous Americans then in France, for one reason or another, certain men had no calls of duty back to the States; accordingly they saw an opportunity to take part in the mêlée. In the course of inquiry, these scattered individuals began to encounter one another, exchanging opinions, and from that exchange a desire for solidarity began to grow. It would be of advantage, they saw, for all Americans to volunteer as a unit, rather than as merely detached soldiers; for the unit might become a nucleus drawing to it fresh recruits from America. To that end, certain measures were broached with the French Ministry of War, the result of which showed that one way, and one only, lay open to us, namely, the Foreign Legion.

Forty of us went to the recruiting Bureau, *aux Invalides*, on August 24th, 1914, and in fifteen days, we and others who joined us were entrained for Toulouse, the dépôt of the Foreign Legion. Two days and a half were required for that journey which ordinarily would take ten hours, and there were sixty of us packed in a freight car that would have been crowded with forty. It was rough travelling, and before we reached Toulouse, four had died.

In November, we were at the front, on the Aisne, where, by Christmas, our regiment had filled eight hundred graves. So it was not a mêlée but real war. I was not only the eldest of our Group, but so much the eldest, that, work as hard as I could, I was unable to avoid a discharge which came in 1915. A few days in Paris convinced me that my only chance of re-enlistment was through returning to America, so thither I went, and after beating up recruits in the training camps, embarked a second time in the autumn of 1916. Back in Paris, I resolved to make use of knowledge I had gained about the French brand of red tape, and with schemes in my head, I went one day to the Commandant of Artillery, demanding admission, not to the Foreign Legion, but to a regular *French* regiment. The Commandant listened courteously, and, still courteously, told me to carry my application to the office of the Foreign Legion. Then I launched upon him—and in the French language—all my reasons, persuasions, promises, cajoleries, bribes, threats, and bluffs. His persistent reply was: "There is no precedent for such an act", which I felt was overwhelmingly swept aside by my retort: "Take me, and you'll have two things you didn't have before, a precedent and an officer."

Finding himself unable to silence me, the Commandant played his ace: "All

applications must be made in writing," and his ace drew my biggest bluff: "Bien, Commandant, there, right there in that pigeon hole, you'll find my application, sent in two weeks ago, in good French, and here am I to second it." I was well enough acquainted with military red tape to know that an application in writing must be made, and that no action upon it would be taken in less than two weeks; accordingly I had applied in due form. But that my papers were actually there in the Commandant's desk was unadulterated bluff. It worked, however. He laughed, tapped my shoulder, relaxed from official stiffness, called me "mon brave", and promised to give me a regular notification of acceptance. He kept his promise punctually, and in November I was in training with a French regiment of light artillery, practising with the "Seventy-fives".

There were many transfers,—with study both of light and heavy guns in camp behind the lines, and then intensive training in the field. Our regiment (305th) reinforced one division after another, thus covering territory from Belgium to Alsace. Although nominally a *sous-lieutenant*, I was subordinate for ten months to the adjutants,—non-commissioned officers. Nevertheless I was assigned for duty to the Staff, an honour usually given to lieutenants only. The French have a way, however, of assigning to a higher grade, candidates who may seem of promise. It tests the man: can he live up to the responsibilities of that higher grade?

One day in April, 1918, while in action at the village of Flirey, the captain called for two to reconnoitre in No Man's Land. A twenty-year old lieutenant, A—, volunteered with me, and a small, ruined church out there in the desolation was indicated as our objective. It was broad daylight, and the captain hoped that audacity would take the place of darkness in covering the two of us. Human psychology could not be counted upon; if discovered by a Boche observation post, they might think two stragglers were not worth the price of a shell—or they might take us for decoys in some surprise raid, in which case they might fire hundreds of explosives. Flat on the ground we wriggled along through the trenches, snake-like in the mud, miles slower than a snake, of course. Here and there our approach would be detected by men concealed in the deep-dug telephone outposts, and they would appear, giving us their cautions. Their warnings were not of a kind to soothe the tension of our nerves, but A— and I had not premonition of any end save a successful return, so on we crawled and wriggled, cramped in joints and muscles. Our objective reached, we should be perfectly safe and unobserved, we thought, in the shelter of its crumbled walls. We should have known better than to reckon upon such security, after all our experience of the minute preparations the Germans had for years been making, mapping the countryside in detail, and listing farm and equipment far more searchingly than a tax assessor or census taker would do. When they occupied new territory, the Germans wasted no time in mistaken allotments of men and beasts, for they knew with precision that six men could be billeted in the house of peasant Jean, and ten more in his grange, and that his wood-sheds would accommodate eight horses. And what the Boches knew of peasant Jean's outfit and supplies, they knew with equal and uncanny pre-

cision of Jean's neighbours, Jules and Jacques. Our regiment, en route to the Aisne, had bivouacked one night at Vertus, a village only recently recovered from German troops, and the quarters of my particular group were peasant Jules's shed. When the Germans had first occupied the region and requisitioned all supplies, they told Jules to deliver his horse, *Henri by name*. Thorough indeed had their preparations been. Poor Henri, however, had been gathered to his fathers, three days after the declaration of war, though Jules had difficulty in convincing the Boche of that demise.

We should have known it, though we didn't. That little church and churchyard had been measured and mapped to a hair, and no sooner did we emerge from the semi-protection of the trenches and appear in the open rubbish-strewn area, than a storm of shot and shell fell around us. Their artillery had the range, and their shells seemed made of rubberized, elastic metal with the property of bouncing around corners before exploding, and of leaping backwards, sideways, or forwards like disconcerting billiard or croquet balls. Toward the northwest corner, a section of the church wall, still perpendicular, seemed to offer A— and myself some shelter from the bouncing shrapnel, and thither we dodged. Shelter, yes, and refreshment likewise, all unexpected. There, "in his narrow cell for ever laid", protected by that friendly wall from the cold winds of spring as well as from hostile guns, "a rude forefather of the hamlet slept", in his old, old grave. And through all the wreck and ruin that man (no, *devils!*) had made of man, through the utter desolation and death of harrowed earth, there smiled the Easter victory of Heaven. Unmolested by man or devil, that ancient grave was aglow with yellow jonquils—a solitary spot of tranquil loveliness in a desecrated plain. We could scarcely believe our eyes.

There was no time for thought. We made the observations desired by the captain, and were ready to essay the return whenever the artillery barrage might diminish. Then an impulse made itself felt. That grave had given us an Easter. In a minute or two we should leave it behind, the sweetness of those flowers for Heaven's eye alone. The jonquils were in a very thick mass; a few stalks plucked out would benefit, not injure, the clump. Why should we two alone of all the regiment keep an Easter? Why not carry an Easter greeting from that ancient French grave back to the trench—to the grandsons and great grandsons who were offering their lives for France?

As I carefully plucked a jonquil here and there from the undisturbed clump, suddenly the cannonading ceased, and A— whispered: "Make for the trench". That meant a dash across forty yards of open ground. We reached our trench and wriggled back to headquarters, the jonquils held in my teeth. Our expedition ended, the flowers went upon the captain's table.

With nerves relaxed after the tension, A— showed himself a perfect jackdaw of Rheims, chattering irrepressibly about *ce drôle d'Américain*, and his *sang-froid véritable*. Over and over he described the shower of shells, falling around the grave, multiplying them in geometrical progression at each repetition, until our paltry few minutes were stretched into an epic of adventure, "from morn

to noon, from noon to dewy eve", while to equal the shrapnel which A— pictured as strewn in the dilapidated church-yard, even famed and fertile Vallombrosa would have had to pile more than one harvest of "thick autumnal leaves".

The captain perceived that the opportunity was ripe for a graceful compliment to the American allies. With true French taste, he made that cupful of jonquils on his table into a motif for a citation, intertwining with that bouquet, festoons and streamers of *dévouement*, *enthousiasme*, *sang-froid*, and *bravoure:* his written report was a literary wall panel, à la Louis Seize.

The Cross itself did not reach me until six months later, in October, when the regiment was in Belgium expecting an armistice. A young boy on a bicycle rode up to our shack at dusk, with his message—and handing me the envelope, looked upon the transaction as finished. But not so I. It was actually the Croix, and I clamoured for the full ceremonial of investiture. In the shack were only a cook, his garçon, and a poilu, but those three seemed quite numerous enough to personify the battalion. To that end, I marshalled them, at "Attention", facing the bicycle-boy who symbolized Foch. In front of "the battalion" I turned each cheek to "the Marshal", while he pinned the Croix over my heart. "The Battalion" volleyed with Homeric laughter "inextinguishable".

A French soldier who has received the Croix because he has really done something of merit, never speaks of his exploit, save to wife or mother. His friends smile and say: *C'en est bien meublée ta poitrine*. An American who by courtesy wears a *complimentary* croix can perhaps be pardoned for breaking decorous silence with this story of a few jonquils.[1]

J. W. G., F. T. S.

[1] It should be added that our contributor had never spoken of his exploit, and wrote of it only when we begged him, for the benefit of the QUARTERLY, to explain his possession of the Croix de Guerre, one of the highest honours a soldier can receive.—EDITORS.

In our definitions we grope after the spiritual by describing it as invisible. *The true meaning of spiritual is* real.—EMERSON.

THE SPIRIT OF LAPUTA

He who has a true idea knows at the same time that he has a true idea, nor can he doubt the truth of what he knows.—SPINOZA.

IN the course of his voyages, Gulliver visited the island of Laputa, where the natives were mathematical prodigies. He must have remembered the land of Brobdingnag with nostalgia, while he listened to the Laputans' small talk. "If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms."

Sir James Jeans, a distinguished astronomer of the Twentieth Century, might have written the following as a commentary upon Laputan æsthetics: "Objective realities exist, . . . but we are assuming something we have no right to assume, if we label them as either 'real' or 'ideal'. The true label is, I think, 'mathematical', if we can agree that this is to connote the whole of pure thought, and not merely the studies of the professional mathematician. . . . The concept [of the universe as a world of pure thought] implies of course that the final truth about a phenomenon resides in the mathematical description of it" (*The Mysterious Universe*, pp. 147-148, 150).

Of course, in our polite century, no one would think of resolving "the beauty of a woman, or any other animal" into such gross elements as rhombs and parallelograms. Such beauty would be described to-day in terms of multi-dimensional geometry or by the square roots of negative quantities.

Swift's satire was not directed against mathematics, but against what may be called the Spirit of Laputa, the notion that everything can be explained if it be given a mathematical expression. Specifically, he referred to the theory that the principles of beauty are reducible to certain fixed laws of proportion which can be stated in formal propositions or equations. Incidentally, such a theory is prevalent to-day and even provides the basis for study in some schools of design. It illustrates very clearly the common mental habit of putting the cart before the horse. Laws of measure and proportion exist, but they cannot explain æsthetic intuition which is an experience, a state of consciousness. They are expressions or symbols of that which eludes all definition. The infinite diversity of form in Nature may be mathematically translatable into a few formulæ of universal import, like the Pythagorean *Tetraktys*. These formulæ are of great practical and theoretical value; but they do not account for the fact that we experience beauty through a series of manifestations, each of which shows forth something unique, individual and inimitable. Thus the Chinese had a saying that a work of art is beautiful only if it have "life's motion". This may suggest one reason why Notre-Dame de Chartres is more

beautiful than St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, although the latter is so excellent, in a certain mathematical sense, that it has been called a definition of Gothic.

In our own time, however, the Spirit of Laputa is more concerned with truth than with beauty. Certainly no one in his right senses can expect to comment intelligently upon the actual propositions of modernistic mathematics, unless he be a trained mathematician. But the most humble layman is under no obligation to accept meekly the statement that the final truth about anything resides in the mathematical description of it.

Mathematics has been defined as "the science of serial, spatial, quantitative, and magnitudinal relations". It has nothing to do with qualities and essences, as the mathematicians themselves admit. But what phenomenon has ever occurred or can be imagined as occurring, to which no qualitative relations can be attributed? It is no answer to affirm that all qualitative relations are inventions of our own minds. This is an inference which cannot be proved. Also it is irrelevant, for it is impossible to draw any line between what is absolutely objective and what is absolutely subjective in our experience of Nature. To all intents and purposes, qualities are just as "phenomenal" as the quantities which science can measure. The redness of a flower, for example, is even more "phenomenal" than the vibrations which constitute its physical basis. The vibrations can be measured, but how can one presume to say that the record of this measurement expresses the final truth about the colour?

It would be more prudent to leave truth, like beauty, among the "undefinables" where it belongs. It is useless to try to imprison it within any formula devised by the intellect, because it will not really be there when we turn the key. It has been said that truth is a life,—which gives a vital meaning to the words of the philosopher who described it as "the knowledge of knowledge". "He who has a true idea knows at the same time that he has a true idea, nor can he doubt the truth of what he knows." In other words, the recognition of truth, like good taste or a sense of humour, is fundamentally an experience, an immediate datum of consciousness. When we lack this sense of inner certitude, our judgments about things are only theories or opinions or fantasies.

Mathematical speculation *per se* is merely a process of inference. It has the same properties as any other form of logical reasoning. Certain axioms or premises are assumed to have a general validity and, therefore, to be applicable to particular cases. Experience testifies to the soundness of logical reasoning as an instrument of deduction. But the validity of a specific formula or syllogism must finally depend upon the validity of the axioms or premises upon which it is based. When an inference rests upon an axiom which we know empirically to be true, the inference itself becomes the equivalent of an experience of truth. It is not necessary to touch a hot stove in order to know what would happen to us if we should touch it.

Pythagoras seems to have regarded the art of mathematical inference from sound axioms as a symbol of every process in Nature. He said that "God geometrizes". In one sense, this suggests that the Logos acts in accordance

with a principle which is analogous to the principle of sound inference. As mathematical truth illustrates the universal, integrating itself in the particular, and the particular merging itself in the universal, so Nature appears as a cycle of experience, whereby the Monad undergoes alternating phases of differentiation and of reabsorption into unity.

It is probable that the Pythagoreans would have been completely unable to understand the point of view of many modern mathematicians who identify their science with a mysterious production of the mind which they call pure thought. By pure thought they seem to mean any thought process which obeys logical rules, but which starts from axioms chosen by a mental act without reference to experience. On these terms, a "pure thinker" might conceivably found a highly rationalistic cosmology upon the assumption that the moon is made of green-cheese. To a layman it appears that much ultra-modern mathematical speculation is distinctly of the "green-cheese" variety.

The point is that our mental life is a mixture. We have a measure of real knowledge, the product of experience and of sound inference from experience. But this solid substratum of knowledge is overlaid by illusions of many kinds, unsound inferences and fancies, generated by desire or fear or by mental laziness or obstinacy. "To discriminate between the Real and the unreal" was the first rule laid down by an Indian sage for those who professed the aspiration to obtain wisdom and understanding. We can begin to apply this rule by trying to separate what we really know from what we only pretend we know.

It may be suggested that this would be a most healthful exercise for some modern scientists who are more seriously entangled in a web of unsound inferences than is generally realized. It is pleasant to record that at least one man of science is aware of the danger which any and all of us must risk if we take our own capacities too seriously. Sir Arthur Eddington says in *The Nature of the Physical World:* "The cleavage between the scientific and the extra-scientific domain of experience is, I believe, not a cleavage between the concrete and the transcendental, but between the metrical and the non-metrical. . . . The sphere of the differential equations of physics is the metrical cyclic scheme extracted out of the broader reality. However much the ramifications of the cycles may be extended by further scientific discovery, they cannot from their very nature trench on the background in which they have their being —their actuality. It is in this background that our own mental consciousness lies; and here, if anywhere, we may find a Power greater than but akin to consciousness. It is not possible for the controlling laws of the spiritual substratum, which in so far as it is known to us in consciousness is essentially non-metrical, to be analogous to the differential and other mathematical equations of physics which are meaningless unless they are fed with metrical quantities. So that the crudest anthropomorphic image of a spiritual deity can scarcely be so wide of the truth as one conceived in terms of metrical equations" (pp. 275, 282).

In brief, physical science is a scheme of measurement. It is concerned with what can be measured and is unconcerned with what cannot be measured. If

we accept such a definition, a certain consequence must be the complete inefficacy of science as a means of discovering the final truth about anything, for the final truth must reside in the unmeasurable as well as in the measurable.

It is questionable, however, whether this rigorous delimitation of science is really acceptable to most of Eddington's colleagues. All of them would, doubtless, admit that it applies perfectly to applied science. The engineer is forced to solve certain definite problems of weight, stress, and so on. He measures and calculates, basing his operations upon careful observation of facts and upon the equally careful application of well-tested mathematical principles. He cannot stray outside "the metrical cyclical scheme" without endangering the lives and fortunes of his clients.

But pure science means something more than a mere metrical system to many of its devotees. Indeed, it would scarcely be unfair to say that pure science is to-day regarded with a sort of reverence which recalls the adulation formerly lavished on theology. It is surrounded with an emotional aura which disturbs the mental equilibrium of all who come into contact with it. This aura suggests —as it were—to those who enter its atmosphere, that pure science has a nobler sanction than applied science, and that in some mysterious sense, it is the custodian of an infallible and universal knowledge.

Eddington himself reveals the force of the collective hypnosis which affects even the strongest minds that pass within the charmed circle. He finds it quite impossible to imagine any approximation to the human stage of life on any other planet in the cosmos. Our own life, he thinks, was made possible by a series of "miraculous" accidents which inaugurated, maintained and developed the necessary conditions of organic evolution. "I feel inclined to claim that *at the present time* our race is supreme; and not one of the profusion of stars in their myriad clusters looks down on scenes comparable to those which are passing beneath the rays of the sun" (*op. cit.*, p. 178). One would not enjoy the task of reconciling these words with his conception of a "background" of the cosmos, in which "we may find a Power greater than but akin to consciousness".

To a layman it is obvious that, in spite of himself, Eddington shares one of the most common of scientific prejudices, that consciousness is a casual and abnormal by-product of a Nature which is essentially inanimate. Doubtless, many causes have coöperated towards the shaping of this prejudice, but one of these causes is obvious, and is, in fact, indicated by Eddington in the first of the passages quoted. Pure science deals with problems which are more abstract than those of applied science, but its methods of investigation do not essentially differ from those of the engineer. The pure scientist can only study what can be measured; consciousness cannot be measured; therefore, he cannot study consciousness. Unfortunately, he goes farther and draws an inference which is in no way justified by the facts that he can study, and which is a flat denial of his own experience. Because consciousness cannot be included in the curriculum of his science, he infers that it must be an inconsequential factor, a sort of infinitesimal which may be omitted from his accounts. It is

not suggested that this inference is always made deliberately; but the general tone of scientific thought reveals a subconscious indifference to the fact of consciousness which is apparent even when some exceptional scientist makes a strong effort and admits that, after all, consciousness may have some significance.

It would seem that pure science is faced with a situation which allows no compromise. Either it must accept the narrow rôle which Eddington proposes, and confine itself to the labour of measuring the measurable,—in which case it must leave the unmeasurable alone in theory as well as in practice; or it must modify its method so as to include the unmeasurable as an object of study. It must omit all reference to consciousness, or it must evolve a science of consciousness.

Madame Blavatsky said in *The Secret Doctrine:* "Accept the explanations and teachings of Occultism, and—the blind inertia of Physical Science being replaced by the intelligent active Powers behind the veil of Matter—motion and inertia become subservient to those Powers. It is on the doctrine of the illusive nature of Matter, and the infinite divisibility of the Atom, that the whole Science of Occultism is built. It opens limitless horizons to Substance, informed by the divine breath of its Soul in every possible state of tenuity, states still undreamed of by the most spiritually disposed Chemists and Physicists" (ed. 1893; I, 566).

When Madame Blavatsky wrote these words, she was stating the case for a science of consciousness against the naïve materialists of the Victorian Age. Extraordinary changes have ensued in natural science since her time. For one thing, materialists have become much less naïve. But there is no sign of the beginning of a genuine study of consciousness in the scientific world to-day. Science has merely proceeded with its work of building an edifice of inferences upon the axiom that only the measurable is the real.

The actual status of the electronic theory illustrates the *reductio ad absurdum* to which science has been brought, for it began by postulating the fundamental and sole reality of "matter", and it has finally been led by a chain of deductions based upon that postulate to deny the existence of matter and, therefore, to destroy the value of the postulate. There seems to be a widely diffused opinion that the revolution in physics has overthrown materialism and will culminate in a general spiritual awakening. There is, however, another possibility,—that it will end in a vacuum.

Without question, contemporary physics bears little outward resemblance to the conventional science of our grandparents. Sir James Jeans says in *The Mysterious Universe* (p. 83): "The tendency of modern physics is to resolve the whole material universe into waves, and nothing but waves. These waves are of two kinds: bottled-up waves, which we call matter, and unbottled waves, which we call radiation or light." The supposedly indivisible atom of Nineteenth Century theory, which was said to resemble a very tiny billiard-ball, has been split up into a congeries of particles charged with electricity. Although these particles, the protons and electrons, have mass—a mass, incidentally,

which varies with their speed—under certain conditions they do not behave like corpuscles but like waves. As Jeans suggests, the wave seems to be the fundamental "form" in Nature.

Gross matter is thus reduced to a subjective quality, like colour and sound, which we attribute to "objective realities". Another disaster, equally severe, has overtaken the old-fashioned materialists. The mechanistic hypothesis, the notion that all motions in Nature are as calculable as the motions of a machine, has been seriously questioned. The quantum theory, in its later developments, suggests that at the origin of all phenomenal change there is a "principle of indeterminacy". It is no longer possible to affirm, with an air of unqualified assurance, that a given event must follow a given cause, but only that it is the event which is most likely to occur.

In many ways, these developments of physics recall certain ideas set forth by Madame Blavatsky and by earlier occultists. The illusory nature of gross matter has been recognized, and the atom has been divided, if not infinitely, at least so radically that it is impossible to imagine any resemblance between its components, and little billiard-balls or any other known bodies. Blind inertia is no longer regarded as the basic property of all physical things. The theory that gravitation is an electro-magnetic phenomenon is a *rapprochement* to the occult view; and the idea that matter does not differ in its subtile properties from radiation, suggests the occult conception of the substantiality of Force (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 532, *seq.*).

The student of Theosophy cannot fail to be impressed by these and other correspondences between modern scientific theory and the traditional doctrines of occultism. However, it would be improper to emphasize the correspondences unduly. The scientists themselves are unaware of them, as indeed is natural, for the principles of occultism are not their principles. "The Occultist", says Madame Blavatsky, "sees in the manifestation of every force in Nature, the action of the quality, or the special characteristic of its Noumenon; which Noumenon is a distinct and intelligent Individuality *on the other side of the manifested mechanical Universe*" (*op. cit.*, I, 536). On the other hand, the modern scientist has never detached himself from the notion that the explanation of phenomena can only be found through the mathematical exposition of the metrical properties of the phenomena themselves.

In their pursuit of these metrical qualities, contemporary physicists have gone much farther than their predecessors. It would seem, in fact, that they have gone as far as it is possible to go towards the elucidation of objective realities in terms of inanimate properties alone. However, the inadequacy of their methods of research has been shown by the fact that as they penetrate more deeply into "matter", they find it increasingly difficult to describe what they find. This explains the ardour with which they have turned for help to the higher mathematicians whose chief business in life seems to be to describe the indescribable.

In the earlier days of the electronic theory it was still possible to represent the electron as a conventional, three-dimensional corpuscle. But later experi-

ments have made it impossible to keep this simple picture. With expert mathematical assistance, the "atom of electricity" was transferred into a space of four dimensions, the fourth dimension being time. It was inferred that electromagnetic phenomena "occur, not in space and time separately, but in space and time welded together". But a four-dimensional entity has only a reflected and symbolic existence in three-dimensional space, as a sphere has only a reflected and symbolic existence in a mirror. From the point of view of a three-dimensional entity, the electron as a thing in itself cannot be represented save as an abstraction, a mathematical factor, a thing as remote from concrete experience as the square root of minus one. As the Schoolmen amused themselves by imagining a God who was a bundle of contradictory qualities, so the modern mathematical physicist relieves the tedium of three-dimensional existence with speculations upon the anomalies of another existence, in a space of four or five or any number of dimensions. By this means, he is able to describe, in terms of "pure thought", a particle which is also not a particle but a wave, or which is both a particle and a wave simultaneously.

One can now begin to appreciate dimly the doctrine, so concisely stated by Sir James Jeans, that "the final truth about a phenomenon resides in the mathematical description of it." From the modernistic universe, force and electricity as entities have disappeared as completely as gross matter. Nothing is left but a mathematical formula. Nothing is left of the phenomenal world except a bundle of metric properties and the multi-dimensional continuum which contains them.

Anyone might assert that in so far as the universe can be reduced to metric properties, it is describable by a mathematical formula. But ultra-modern physics describes the universe *as* a mathematical formula. It virtually identifies pure mathematics with the Creative Art which is practised by Nature. "Nature seems very conversant with the rules of pure mathematics, as our mathematicians have formulated them in their studies, out of their own inner consciousness and without drawing to any appreciable extent on their experience of the outer world. By 'pure mathematics' is meant those departments of mathematics which are creations of pure thought, of reason operating solely within her own sphere, as contrasted with 'applied mathematics' which reasons about the external world, after first taking some supposed property of the external world as its raw material" (Jeans, *op. cit.*, p. 138).

There is an increasing tendency, especially among astronomers, to force the data of their observations into the preconceived moulds of a few theories which belong by right of birth to the realm of the purest mathematics. For example, there is the theory of the curvature of space. This originated as an inference, an intellectual invention without reference to experience. But the astronomers are now almost literally moving heaven and earth in their efforts to find evidence that objective space is curved in some way or other. If one may judge by precedent, they will find what they seek,—which does not mean that in good time there will not be others who will seek evidence against the theory and who will also find what they seek. In any case, it is a very dangerous

practice to cultivate deliberately the habit of fitting facts to theories, for no one can indulge this habit without yielding subconsciously to the temptation to reject the facts which do not fit.

After all this, it is not surprising that the Spirit of Laputa should be formally deified. In spite of Eddington's warning, there is a potent urge to conceive a God "in terms of metrical equations". Even mathematicians are not immune to the weakness recorded by Xenophanes of Colophon: "If oxen and lions had hands and could fashion images as men do, they would make images of the gods in their own likeness."

Speaking unofficially of course, Sir James Jeans writes: "We have already considered with disfavour the possibility of the universe having been planned by a biologist or an engineer; from the intrinsic evidence of his creation, the Great Architect of the Universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician" (*op. cit.*, p. 144).

So far no one seems to have undertaken to prove mathematically the experienced truth of his own consciousness; but this would be no more difficult than to "prove" the existence of the Divine. It is impossible to "prove" such things, but fortunately it is also unnecessary. The mystical philosophers of India affirmed as the most certain of all axioms the Reality of the Self and the oneness of the Self with the Divine Essence of all consciousness. They did not make a serious effort to demonstrate these fundamentals by argument, for they knew that no man can be brought by reason to believe in truths which cannot even be imagined until they are experienced.

Some people might prefer almost any God to one who is a mathematician—only that and nothing more. They need not concern themselves. Doubtless, God is the purest mathematical Intelligence, but He cannot be the Spirit of Laputa. As a mystic has said, it is impossible to limit the number of His attributes, if He be God. In God are the essences of all qualities, for where else could they be? He must synthesize in Himself not only mathematics but also the purest biology and the purest engineering science, and in addition have an infinity of other talents, some of them even more "sympathetic".

It is interesting to note what an occultist has written upon the idea of a four-dimensional space. The following passage from *The Secret Doctrine* has an added significance, inasmuch as it illustrates the way in which the science of consciousness can illumine a particular problem of physical science.

"The qualities, or what is perhaps the best available term, the characteristics of matter, must clearly bear a direct relation always to the senses of man. Matter has extension, colour, motion (molecular motion), taste and smell, corresponding to the existing senses of man, and the next characteristic it develops—let us call it for the moment 'Permeability'—will correspond to the next sense of man, which we may call 'Normal Clairvoyance'. Thus, when some bold thinkers have been thirsting for a fourth dimension, to explain the passage of matter through matter . . . , they have been in want of a *sixth characteristic* of matter. The three dimensions belong really to only one attribute, or char-

acteristic, of matter—extension; and popular common sense justly rebels against the idea that, under any condition of things, there can be more than three of such dimensions, as length, breadth, and thickness" (I, 272).

It is here suggested that the human race—with few exceptions—has not yet developed a sense corresponding to the material characteristic of permeability. Nevertheless, this characteristic seems even now to be cognized by a vague intuition, and some of the difficulties of scientific expression might be obviated or reduced, if some attention were paid to this intuition.

For example, there is the problem suggested by Jeans' statement that "no matter how far we retreat from an electrified particle, we cannot get outside the range of its attractions and repulsions. This shows that an electron must, in a certain sense, at least, occupy the whole of space" (*op. cit.*, p. 58).

This universality of the electron may be interpreted as an actual instance of permeability. Its significance may be illustrated by the fact that Jeans' words —just as they stand—might have been used by a mystical philosopher to symbolize the experience which brings to the individual soul the sense of its identity of essence with the Universal Soul.

If permeability cannot be perceived outwardly, it can be felt inwardly, in some measure, by everyone. We are all conscious of our bodies as organic units, for whenever we receive an impression through one of the senses, the impression is experienced as an undivided part of our general bodily consciousness. We do not think of our hands as belonging to us more or less essentially than our feet. The body is a united life made up of many lesser "lives" which participate equally in the greater life which synthesizes them. By analogy, if we imagine the physical universe as an organism, in terms of consciousness it becomes intelligible to say that "an electron must in a certain sense at least occupy the whole of space", for an electron may be supposed to correspond with the living principle of one of the cells of an animal or vegetable body.

According to the mystical tradition, the various states of matter mirror corresponding states of consciousness. Thus, the occultist would interpret electro-magnetic phenomena as symbols and expressions, upon their plane, of the same principles which preside over our individual lives. This seems to express the essential meaning of the ancient maxim: "Man is the measure of all things".

It may seem fantastic to assume that electrified particles illustrate universal spiritual principles. But ideas about the fantastic change from age to age. Possibly some future generation, farther removed from the Spirit of Laputa, will classify our age as one of the most credulous in history, because we found it easier to believe in the square root of minus one than in the universal reality of consciousness.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

WAR MEMORIES

XIII

London during the War

WHEN our hospital staff was at last officially disbanded at that quaint old town, St. Omer (most of it to be drafted into other hospitals almost immediately, I imagine), I turned my face homeward; crossed the Channel without mishap, and reached London in due course. Urgent family affairs had recalled me, and I knew that they were likely to keep me there for some time, so I prepared for a very different kind of life to that which I had just left. I really had not been gone so very long (though it seemed to me like ages), and most of my friends had themselves been so busy—busy with their own Wartime occupations—that they had not even noted my absence. In the overcrowded days through which we were all struggling, we saw only those with whom our immediate work associated us; the very best of friends often did not meet for months on end, unless a rare chance or a common employment brought them together. So, for the most part, we slipped in and out of the country unknown to them; known only to the Secret Service, the police and the Scotland Yard officials at the port from which we sailed, or by which we returned. Realizing this to be the case, I was therefore not surprised when, meeting an old friend the day after my return, I was greeted hastily and casually with: "Hello! Haven't seen you for a blue moon; still rolling bandages in Knightsbridge?"—which is what, in part-time, I had been doing before I got my "billet" in the Ypres salient.

I was on my way to an appointment in the Strand, and as I passed Charing Cross Station, I saw, by the crowd which had gathered there, that a hospital train was just in, and that some of the ambulances had already been loaded, and were pulling slowly and carefully out through the gates. This first homecoming of the wounded was always an irresistible attraction, for the joy on the faces of most of those men, even the most severely mutilated (the "Blighty smile" we called it)—the joy of knowing themselves home at last, was a good thing to see. The crowd was quite large, as it almost invariably was in these circumstances, and I began to wonder how I could work my way inconspicuously through it, and so get nearer to those men fresh from France—perhaps, even, I might see one of my very own! As it chanced, I was still in my nurse's uniform (the reason for this being the simple fact that, for the moment, I had nothing else to wear), and to my surprise as well as secret satisfaction, those standing nearest to me stepped aside (thinking no doubt, that I might be "official"), so that little by little I got through. Of course, I had no more right there than anyone else—although that made no difference to me just then!—and I moved forward, and stood not far from the spot where the loading was going on.

Hospital ambulances are made to carry four men, but if the cases are very severe, the number is often restricted to two, thus affording more room for a nurse; sometimes a doctor as well. On this occasion I saw that only two stretchers were being shot into the ambulance nearest me, and that a nurse followed, standing quietly between them, and as congested traffic in the Strand had delayed, for a few moments, the steady exit of the wounded, I had time, as I stood there, to take part in a quick-passing scene, which I can never quite forget. I could see the occupants plainly (both mere boys), and I saw one of them stretch out his hand, grasping the sleeve of the other eagerly, impulsively, feverishly.

"I s'y—*we're in Blighty!*" he whispered hoarsely.

But the other did not respond. He lay there rigidly, with staring eyes, terrible eyes, eyes that you wanted to cover.

"Hush!" said the nurse, gently, "he can't hear you."

"Oh, but, Sister—I s'y!" protested the youngster, "*tell 'im we're in Blighty—'e must* 'ear that—it'll *cure* 'im!"

"Hush, boy", she said again, softly, "don't disturb him, he needs rest", and she laid a quiet, soothing hand on the pillow, beside the head of that silent, staring sufferer.

But as she did this, he gave a hideous, convulsive shudder, and turned away, and lay there panting, like a hunted thing.

"Why don't 'e 'ear me?" groaned the other boy, "'e's my chum, 'e is—'e ain't dead, is 'e?"

"No, he's not dead", answered the nurse, kindly and reassuringly, "but I tell you he needs rest. By and by he'll know where he is, I hope, but you must not disturb him now",—and then the ambulance began slowly to move forward.

"Shell-shock", I thought, and I myself could not avoid a convulsive shudder, "the deadliest thing of all!" and I followed, half mechanically, along the narrow, curving pavement.

The usual Charing Cross flower-women, stout and matronly, with their large baskets full of roses and bunches of dark, sweet-smelling violets, were gathered at the gates, and one of them, wearing the traditional shawl pinned tightly over her ample shoulders, the traditional black bonnet fastened at an uncomplimentary angle to the very back of her head, came forward and threw a few of her flowers into the ambulance.

"Bless yer, me lads—may God bless yer!" she called heartily, but with a choke in her voice. "I seen one o' me own lads pass through these same 'ere gates larst week—God bless yer!" she called after them.

One of her roses fell lightly, delicately on the blanket of the shell-shocked boy, and again that violent tremor seized him; again he drew back as if to hide somewhere within himself, and lay there staring, staring, still panting like a hunted thing—*he* did not know that he was home!

There are some strange people who have a contempt for fear in others, and I have usually found that they are the people whose individual courage (whose weakest spot) has never really been tested; those who have, therefore, never been subjected to fear's devastating effect. Invariably I hope that they may

one day find themselves in circumstances where every bone in their body seems suddenly to turn to jelly; it will be the surest cure for their particular kind of dull, unthinking cruelty, and not until this has happened to them, at least to some degree, will they be qualified to speak. Not long ago, I glanced through a book on the War, the author of which spoke of shell-shocked men in a disdainful tone, calling them of the weaker-minded class.[1] Whoever he may be, I heartily wish him the experience I speak of—it may help to humanize him, if that still be possible. All men are not cast in the same mould; all men do not react to the same danger. The poet has a different set of impressions to those of the so-called man-in-the-street; what is an overwhelming horror to one, may be almost unfelt by another standing shoulder-to-shoulder with him—*anyone* ought to realize that. Some of the bravest men I have known, have told me without hesitation that many times during the War, fear had almost paralyzed them; it had been so great that they had acted like automata, and could not remember a single thing they had done. Most men who fought in the Great War were able so far to conquer fear (if they felt it), that they could "carry on"; but some, particularly some of the boys, taken unaware, broke under it—we do not always know when our hearts are going to crack. No one would dream of advocating fear, of course, for, that there are very few occasions when fear is not a pure regard for self, can hardly be denied; but the so-called "utterly fearless" man merely has his own lower nature to combat under another guise—a guise perhaps less superficially obvious to himself.

I knew a young student at University College, London, just before the War broke on us. He was rather pale-faced; perhaps, even, some of us thought him a trifle effeminate, but he was among the first to join up. I dare say that boy's heart was in his boots all the time before he was sent out, though naturally he kept this to himself; I daresay he almost died of "funk" as the casualty lists came pouring in; but when he was called—*he went!* And with a smile too! Later, he did die, out in Gallipoli, and of shell-shock; but despite the cry of weak human nature in him, he had had courage enough and to spare when it came to the initial "signing on for the duration", and when the time came, he faced with as stiff a courage as he could muster, the unspeakable horror of seeing his comrades blown into unrecognizable shreds and rags around him. To-day his name stands on the long Roll of Honour listed in the wide hallway of University College—that long splendid row of tablets which a younger generation now too often hurries past, with the breezy forgetfulness of youth; but we who knew him, and knew that his courage was greater than his fear, have not forgotten him, and we remember with pride that he was with the

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[1] This was especially unfair and foolish as many cases of shell-shock were not in the least due to fear, but to other causes. Drummond's Medical Dictionary, quoting Mott's Chadwick Lecture of 1917, says that "shell-shock may be defined as a 'group of varying signs and symptoms indicative of loss of functions and disorder of functions of the central nervous system arising from sudden or prolonged exposure to forces generated by high explosives,'" among these forces being the aerial disturbance produced by bursting shells. "The aerial wave compression is believed to affect arterial pressure in the body by causing changes in the atmospheric pressure" (Dorland). Shock, medically, is synonymous with "collapse", and may happen to anyone as a result of injury to the nerves, whether caused mentally and emotionally, or physically. Serious nervous injury may cause instantaneous death (Drummond).—EDITORS.

very first to answer his country's call, and whether he died of shell-shock or of wounds, he gave what he had—*his life*.

No one who has ever seen a bad case of shell-shock can forget it. It is the most mysterious, the most pitiable, the most heart-rending result of the War which you could find—far worse, even, than the "faceless man". The badly shell-shocked man has, in a certain sense, simply ceased to be. Often the less serious cases recover—at least they appear to do so; the bad cases seldom, if ever, I believe,—completely. As a rule, my personal hope has been that they would *not* recover. I never heard any more about that trembling, staring, agonizing boy in the ambulance at Charing Cross the day after my return, but I think he would have been one of whose death I should wish to be assured.

I have said that our friends were somewhat casual as to our goings and comings; not so the police—not as a rule, at least; though I remember a ridiculous situation connected with them. As far as I can recall, it was about this time that the law for the registration of aliens became more stringent; it was before the matter was well organized, however; before it had been centralized at Bow Street, as it was later—at Bow Street, where the intricacies of it were well understood. The rules at this time required all aliens to register "at the nearest police station", immediately on arrival in the country, and I was cautioned about this by someone who realized that I probably did not yet know how serious the spy menace had become. You were given twenty-four hours in which to register, and if you failed to comply with these regulations, there was a severe penalty,—one hundred pounds or six months imprisonment, I think. It so chanced that my "nearest police station" was a dim, "one-horse" looking little place at the end of a kind of alley, not far from where I was temporarily stopping, and when I went in, armed with my passport, my identity book, my rationing card, and everything else which I thought might be of use, I found only two young policemen there, both of whom seemed to have plenty of time at their disposal, and both of whom greeted me courteously.

"There are evidently not many aliens in *this* quarter", I thought, "otherwise I'd probably have to stand in a queue."

An experience of many years has convinced me that the London police are the best-mannered, the most even-tempered set of men of their profession in the world. They are seldom really "professional" save in the quietest, most unostentatious way; they are never the looking-for-trouble kind. But this *can* be carried rather too far. On this particular occasion, it approached the farcical.

"Good morning", I began cheerfully, glad to see the familiar uniform, and to meet the calm, detached manner again; "I've come to register as an alien", and I took my passport out of my bag, prepared to hand it over, unasked, as evidence of my good faith.

The young policeman who appeared to be in temporary charge, and to whom I had addressed myself, looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said politely:

"You speak very good English, madam."

This surprised me; but while I was wondering what his reason was for saying just *that* (he was the first policeman I had ever met who had volunteered his

personal opinion in the matter),—while I was still wondering about it, he was examining my passport. Presently he handed it back to me.

"I thought you said you were an alien, madam", he remarked, as though the affair did not merit a moment's consideration; as though he were (still very politely, but at random) brushing a fly off the sleeve of his coat, or a cobweb out of his brain; "*You* don't have to register."

"What *do* you mean: 'I don't have to register'?" I asked, not a little puzzled.

"But you are not an alien", he smiled.

"Why, *of course* I am an alien", I insisted, the situation seeming perfectly ludicrous. "You can see for yourself, from my passport, that I am not a British subject; I am an American citizen."

"Well, aren't you now one of our Allies?"—this with complete conviction, and as though it summed up the whole question. "I can't enter your name here as an alien—you're *not* an alien."

I think there must be times in the life of every man (or woman)—especially with one who has wandered much, and who has lived in many lands—when the sense of his own identity seems, in a strange way, suddenly to slink away from him, and to leave him wondering who, after all, he *is*. I believe Ulysses suffered on occasion from some such disconcerting moments; certainly (to choose a more humble example), the classic old woman with her petticoats cut short, even though she had probably never got more than a mile or two from home, experienced the disturbance. This same sensation now began, vaporously, to creep over me. When all was said and done, who was I?—it's a wise man who knows himself! Here were the police of one of the largest cities in the world, assuring me that I was far from understanding my own status. Was this young policeman mad, or was I mad? Was I an alien, or was I not an alien? And I felt that only a Hamlet would possess those powers of introspection which were necessary to meet and cope with my problem. . . . Then light began to dawn—at least I thought it did.

"I didn't say I was an *enemy* alien", I ventured, "but I *am* an alien because I am not a British subject; don't you understand?"—"Fancy having to instruct the Metropolitan Police on this subject, and in Wartime, too!" I laughed to myself.

But he remained politely obdurate. Whether I chanced that morning to be looking particularly innocuous, not to say guileless, or whether he had as yet received no instructions regarding the registration of aliens, I never discovered. We had both of us begun to wear a kind of mask by this time—the only thing left for us to do—and neither really knew what the other was thinking about. However, that "one hundred pounds, or six months imprisonment" for failing to register, was staring me in the face, and I was not going to run the risk of having it imposed on me because a credulous young policeman refused to take my name.

"All right", I said by way of concession, "if you won't write my name on your books, then you must take my visiting card", and I wrote on it my temporary address, the date of my arrival in England, the date also of my visit to that police station, "and when your Chief comes back, you must show it to him. Otherwise," I added laughing (he was so friendly and so bewildered that

he *made* me laugh), "you'll have to pay my 'severe penalty' for me, and knowing what it is, I'm sure you don't want to do that!"

He promised to deliver my card; we parted amicably, and I never heard anything more about it. Presumably, however, that young policeman later learned the difference between an "alien" and an "enemy alien".

Anyone who spent the closing weeks of 1917, and the opening ones of 1918 in England, is likely to remember them as gloomy and depressing. A strange, miasmic cloud seemed for ever gathering at our doors, and few of us realized at the time, I think, where it came from, or just what it was—we only knew that it was there like a malevolent, lurking spectre. Not that in the healthier public mind there was anything save the profound determination to press on to ultimate victory if it took our last man, but there was much (perhaps natural) War-weariness in England among those who had witnessed little but the drab side of the War—those who could not fight; those who had never seen the glory of heroic death on, or straight from, a battle-field; the splendour of desperation in the face of overwhelming odds, where all thought of self was swept away. Perhaps it was only to be expected that a certain pessimism should begin to clutch at the heart of those whose children were feeling the pinch of hunger, as the rationing laws became more strict, more far-reaching; among those who had to stand for long hours in dismal queues, out in the thick, London fog, or the dreary London rain. It was well recognized that these queues were fertile sources of discontent, and it cannot be denied that in some quarters a certain spirit of pacifism was, at this time, growing in Great Britain; but that did not mean that Great Britain was growing pacifist—there is a vast difference. In all periods of history there have been those who wished to follow the easy road, regardless of what was at the end of it; but when Lord Lansdowne threw his bombshell-suggestion of "peace with compromise" into our midst, the loud outcry against the mere idea of such a dishonourable course was unmistakable evidence of the true state of public sentiment.

It was not in Great Britain alone, either, that this new kind of poison was spreading. France had her deadly problem to face with her Malvy, her Bolo, her Caillaux, her Duval, and perhaps it was because of the very brazenness of these treasons, that it was realized there, more than it was even in England or in Italy, from whence the wave of "*défaitisme*" emanated. Germany, foreseeing her rapidly approaching humiliations, was at work, and, as always, this work was underground. But from across the Channel we, in England, heard "the Tiger" roaring, as one by one Malvy, Bolo and the rest were swept aside—there was never any question of compromise where "the Tiger" was concerned.

Yet, for all this dark wave of depression, the military outlook was by no means so desperate,—as we, who passed through those sad days, have come, in retrospect, to realize; for, despite the many blows to allied hopes which the year 1917 had brought (the defection of Russia among the worst), the Allies were recovering themselves in the Near East, and Allenby had entered Jerusalem; Mesopotamia was no longer the "mess pot" which had earned it that name, and the submarine menace which, at the beginning of the year had looked

so formidable, was shown to be very far from having the demoralizing effect upon which the Germans had counted. To the unsleeping watch of the Royal Navy; to the vigilance and daring of the famous Dover Patrol; the chivalrous courage of the Merchant Marine, which was not, in fact, a "fighting service"; more than all else, perhaps, to the nameless heroes, mostly plain fisher-folk, of the little drifters, armed with a single rifle and a few rounds of ammunition, to the obscure and nameless trawlers for mines in the English Channel—those who, knowing the silent, unpublished tragedies of their humble comrades, never faltered in their duty, but braved the danger alone, out on the black and icy waters through long winter nights—to these intrepid sailors of Great Britain do we owe our undying gratitude, and may we never forget it. On the western front too, "signs of the times" had begun to appear, could we but have recognized them, for it was really more in allied control, the allied offensives there having far outnumbered those of the Germans during the twelvemonth just passed, and, perhaps more significant than anything else, the fierce drive toward Cambrai which succeeded the capture of Passchendaele Ridge, which at one moment actually broke through the Hindenburg Line and which came so near to demolishing it completely, is now said by many to have been a forecast of the open warfare which followed in the spring; and the Germans who, in 1914, had so confidently made their detailed arrangements for a theatrical entry into Paris within six weeks; who later planned their "smashing blow" at Verdun, now had to face the fact that, at the end of 1917, even their defensive was, little by little, ignominiously crumbling.

Of course, in England we *did* feel the blockade, and food shortage was inevitable; but we made light of it, and we used to say jestingly, that we should no more think of leaving home in the morning without our sugar and meat tickets, than we should dream of going for a walk without our umbrellas—and anyone who has lived in London knows the place that umbrellas fill in the list of necessities. Lord Rhondda's voice was raised in perpetual warning against waste of any kind whatever, and the Ministry of Food quite justly demanded heavy penalties when "food hoarding" or "profiteering" was discovered. The restricted lighting troubled some of us (if such trifles could be called troublesome), and the scarcity of coal was really a source of great suffering among the poor; but none of these things counted when compared with the *schrecklichkeit* of the Germans who deliberately sank our home-coming hospital ships, time and time again, although invariably these ships had displayed the Red Cross by day and the unmistakable lights at night. We civilians merely "tightened our belts" when hunger attacked us on land, but each time that anything happened to our wounded at sea, there was a tightening of our heartstrings which made us vow that we would never relax our efforts until such unspeakable outrages were stopped.

Naturally we loved and were intensely proud of our wounded, and strange as it may seem, they were often the most cheerful sight we had—those "Blighty smiles" of theirs! There was literally nothing in the world we would not do for them, and everyone bestirred himself on their behalf. London itself had

become a "city of huts"—Y. M. C. A. huts, and "Fortunes of War Cafés" for men on leave, or for the convalescent who were so far recovered as to be able to walk abroad. How they enjoyed this time at home! The streets were full of the happy faces of our dear Tommies, in the gay, bright-blue of their hospital uniforms—rather baggy trousers, short jackets with white facings, red neckties, and their own military caps, on which you could note the insignia of each one's regiment. So if it chanced that you already knew another man of the same regiment (perhaps you had helped to take care of him in hospital "over there", or perhaps you had been with him when he died, and could tell what his end had been), you just went up to the bright-blue, red-necktied Tommy in question, and you asked him if he remembered so-and-so. This happened to me in the King's Road one day. I was about to get into a 'bus, when I noticed two men of the "Princess Pat's" hobbling toward me, one on crutches, one on a cane, and I recalled with a pang another "Princess Pat's"—a boy I knew who had died in France, and I felt I *must* ask them if they too had known, and if they remembered him. The face of one brightened as I spoke the familiar name:

"Why, yes, I knew him well, and I wasn't far from him when he was wounded; but I got my own 'Blighty' a little later, and I never heard any more—won't you tell me?"

I invited them into a neighbouring "A. B. C." (this is what we all invariably did on such occasions), and we sat at one of the crude, uncovered, marble-topped tables and drank strong Lipton tea, as black as your shoe, and ate Bath buns and jam roll, and talked of the dead boy—these were the spontaneous incongruities of Wartime experience, but who can say that this informal tea party, which the memory of the dead boy had inspired, was not as genuine a tribute, as true a sign of our affection for him as many a prearranged and perhaps more formal meeting to-day.

Our Tommies were always singing, whether they were badly wounded, whether they had just come from or were just returning to the trenches—it seemed to make no difference. They would sing in the Recreation Huts, or in the streets and parks. You would be going along the Kilburn High Road, perhaps, and you would suddenly hear two or three strong young voices, with a deliberate and dolefully-mocking drawl:

"I want to go 'ome,
I want to go *'ome*,
I don't want to go to the trenches no more,
. . . . . .
Oh my!
I don't want to die,
I want to go *'o-m-e!*"

—and you would know that those youngsters were having a very good time indeed, for that was the "Tommy spirit". Those "Tommy Songs" were foolish enough, as everyone knew, but we became almost achingly fond of them, be-

cause so many tragically-comic associations clung to the memory of them, and I doubt if any one of us could hear those songs to-day without a lump in his throat. I knew a boy in France who, not an hour before the end, wheezed out that very song, merrily. "Mustn't mind these 'ere trifles," he chuckled, referring to the stumps where both his legs had been amputated—as though they were his socks or his boots! A few minutes later, he *had* started on his journey "home".

The West End too, was always full of officers—officers old and young—many of whom had come from the far ends of the earth to offer their service and their lives. Most (or so it seemed), were crippled past mending; disabled past hope of recovery—an arm or a leg gone, or both; but that superb and dauntless spirit which already we had come to know in France; that power of theirs to rise above the petty, temporal, personal ills; that spirit which life in the trenches had fostered and matured, shone in their faces as they limped along, each man appearing completely to ignore his own disabilities, and to be conscious only of those brother officers who were worse off than himself. That splendid comradeship which a common danger, a hardship shared, had nurtured, was noticeable to the least attentive of us—in fact you did not just "notice" it; it was so strong that it seized and held you, tangibly. And you knew, moreover, that before the War most of these had been the ordinary run of men, with the ordinary faults and vices, unredeemed. Men who had been self-indulgent, self-centred, self-conscious, insular before they went to the front (to France or to the East), now looked out on a wholly different world; a world full of brother-men; and the vision which had come to them "over there", perhaps when, for the first time, they had faced the "zero hour", and knew what it was to get "your first peep into eternity, don't you know!" (as a young subaltern once confided shyly to me)—that vision was still theirs. What did *they* care for lesser things?

There are sceptics to-day who have either forgotten these subtile yet palpable transformations of vast armies of men—things that were apparent to us all—or who profess an unbelief that they ever existed to the extent which some of us, who do not so easily forget, insist upon. Insensibility of this kind is greatly to be pitied, for such people have lost a noble and uplifting memory, from which some of us would not part for anything we know.

London was the home of thousands of small shrines—reminders of those we loved. You came upon them at street corners; in little, dark, windy alleys like that running out of Farm Street, and leading into the wide, quiet, green church enclosure beyond. You always found a few flowers in the water-filled vases, for these small shrines were where the Roll of Honour recorded the names of the men of that particular district who had died in the War. At the top of most of them you read: "For God, King and Country", and directly underneath: "Greater love hath no man." The list of names followed, and if you took note of it, from week to week or month to month, as I used to do on that little, half hidden shrine near the Farm Street church, you would see each time that a few names had been added, perhaps a great many—these lists were

for ever growing. Sometimes a woman in deep mourning could be seen, carefully putting a few roses into the vases which were already full of flowers; sometimes a group of young people, speaking in low tones of a brother, or a near relative whom they had known well. And still these lists grew and grew—how could it be otherwise, if we were to "see things through to a finish"?

Of course we had our air raids—I watched a magnificent one, under quite ideal circumstances one night. I had gone that evening on necessary business connected with our work, to some friends who lived on the fringe of Hampstead Heath, not far from the spot made famous by Constable—the spot where, to the north, you can see so deliciously far across the rolling Heath; while to the south you overlook the whole of London spread generously out below you, with Westminster and St. Paul's rising conspicuously above the lower buildings; with the Tower Bridge stretching itself gigantically, like a saurian reptile, across the wide curve of the Thames, even to the warm hill-sides of Surrey beyond. It was rather a reckless undertaking to go so far from the centre of things at night, for taxis, at this period of the War, took you only where the driver himself wanted to go—even if you came upon a taxi at all. You were generally asked: "Which way, please?" before you were allowed to get in, and if you answered: "Queen's Gate", and the driver happened to be headed toward Park Lane, you would receive a brief: "Sorry!", and would find that your foot, which perhaps you had hopefully but foolishly placed on the step, would suddenly be hanging in the air, as the taxi jerked itself heartlessly away. However, the meeting in question was important, and I thought I would take my chances. I am glad I did, for, shortly before midnight, we heard the sound of distant firing; the raiders had crept in over the Kentish coast, hidden by a slight haze, and the anti-aircraft guns of the outer defences had gone into action before we, in the London area, had been notified of the enemy's approach by the maroons —one of the "Take cover" signals. We hastily threw on some wraps and went out, but we had almost to grope our way, for there was not a light in the streets as we stumbled along, and when we reached that famous high, clear spot where, on pre-War nights, we had so often looked down on the great city, bright and shining like a lambent sea far below us, we now felt that we were looking into illimitable, unfathomable space, where all was abysmal darkness, save for the blinding shafts of the search-lights, which made that vast ocean of obscurity, that stygian gloom from which they seemed miraculously to leap, the more profound because of the contrast. It really was a most wonderful spectacle, viewed from that height; it was as though we were looking out on the birth of a universe, with the awful, unapproachable loneliness of Creation unrolling before our eyes: darkness on the face of the deep; the great, sweeping pathways of light seeming to conceal a primordial force; it was like a cosmic process: nothing but light and darkness—nothing else having come as yet into being. Then, gradually, that magnificent illusion was dissipated, for the raiders had crept nearer, breaking through the outer lines of defences and penetrating the second line; flying now over London itself. They were a long distance from us at first, but we had a fine view of the bursting shrapnel from the anti-aircraft

guns—it looked like a shimmering curtain of fire, which, indeed it was. We saw the explosions of the falling bombs, and we heard the loud detonations; but when we began to hear the demoniac whistling as the bombs themselves rushed downward; when we began to hear the droning of the aeroplanes—that curious, all-pervading drone which seemed always to fill the air, to occupy solidly all the space around you, so that you could never be quite sure from which direction the enemy was actually coming—when we began to hear that, we knew it was time to take cover, and we stumbled hastily home again, and so to comparative safety.

At the beginning of the winter I had done various kinds of work, chiefly for the Canadian Red Cross, and wonderfully organized I found it. I visited hospitals where wounded Canadians were known to have arrived, my duty being to send in rather long and detailed reports (which, of course, had to be very accurate), beginning with their regimental number, full name, rank (whether private, Corporal or Sergeant—I had no officers then), the nature of their wounds, the name and address of the member of their family or of their friends to whom we were to write concerning their progress or their death, and so on. It sometimes took hours just to get the lists copied out when I returned at night, from the notebook which had perhaps travelled all over London with me during the day, for I was given many hospitals to visit, and often, after a push in which the Canadians had taken part, there were many of them in each hospital. But it was really not the arranging and copying of my lists which took the greater part of the time; it was those boys themselves, for, of course, they all wanted to *talk;* to talk to any of us who were "visitors"—heavens how they wanted to talk!—and if a wounded man says he *must* talk, that he had not seen any women-folk literally for months, you certainly cannot tell him that you have a lot to do, that you are in a hurry and have no time to listen. So those cold, foggy, cheerless afternoons used to disappear with distracting swiftness, and the hour when hospital regulations made it necessary for all visitors to leave, usually arrived long before I felt I had even begun to "assemble my facts". But I always went back in a day or two, to see how any of the more severely wounded men were getting on, and after a while I became such a nuisance in some of the hospitals where I went often, that when the visitor's bell rang for the "time's up" signal, the head nurse of the ward I happened to be in, would smile at me indulgently (her rigid discipline failing her when it came to cutting short a talk about "home"), and I knew by that smile that I was to be allowed to stop a little longer—those ward Sisters were kindness itself. So, altogether, with other odds and ends of work, my time was quite well filled.

About Christmas, however, I got a modest position (only temporary—replacing a V. A. D. who was ill) in one of the large Military Hospitals in the south of London, and thus I found myself once more in the now familiar routine of a nurse's life. It was an officers' hospital, and I was in a ward where the recovery of many of the men was more than doubtful. The drive on Cambrai

had taken place, and it is well known what that cost in lives and in severely wounded; though the German losses, as is also well known, far outnumbered our own.

Any hospital ward during the War was a strange combination of age, of types, of disposition, and of interests; but there was invariably one thing present which amalgamated that fortuitous and indiscriminate mixture—the persistent, unflagging good spirits which prevailed. Never did you hear one word of complaint, no matter how devastating the disablement of some of these men was; never a look or even the shadow of a look of self-pity, no matter how black the future must have appeared to many of them. They always seemed to think, and they always said that they had "got off with a scratch"; even the obviously dying, if they could speak at all, declared that they were "top form" or "in the pink". I have been taken to task, on more than one occasion, for idealizing this state of heart and mind among the allied wounded of the Great War; I have been told that the inevitable "grouser", the habitual fault-finder, must *often* have been there because he has always, since the beginning of time, been everywhere else in large numbers, no matter what the conditions. As a consequence of this friendly remonstrance I have given the matter some thought, and I admit that it may seem to be entirely justified; I can only say, however, that in honestly endeavouring to call to mind any men (out of the hundreds, I might even say thousands, with whom I came into daily contact during all those years)—any who showed a murmuring and querulous spirit, only two are remembered, and these were met at long intervals, and in different countries. Perhaps the professional grumbler *was* there by the dozen, but *I* did not meet him—the "courage of laughter" was unfailing. Since, however, I am trying to be strictly truthful, I am forced to admit that these two individuals alone made adequate compensation, by their own behaviour, for the complete *lack* of pusillanimity in all the other hundreds or thousands of Allies put together!

This spirit of quiet, wholly unconscious moral courage was something you never quite got used to; I think perhaps you had to *see* it, to believe it. After the first exchange of greetings between a new arrival and an old patient, who might be lying in the adjoining bed, it was always:

"Where are you from?" (This did not mean: "Where is your home?" but: "On which front did you get your wound?").

"St. Quentin," the reply would be, perhaps.

"What's the latest there?" would follow quickly. "How's our line holding? Tell us all you know," and this, even when the news was likely to be ancient history, because the new-comer might have been kept some time in France, before being sent home.

Afterwards would come a light, rather general question as to the nature of the wounds themselves:

"What did you get?"

"Oh, not much—both feet off, that's all."

There might follow a moment's silence on the part of the one who had made

the inquiry, perhaps even a low whistle; but the one who had given the cool, utterly unemotional answer, would return to the more interesting discussion of conditions at the front. It was the *fight* which was always the first as well as the last consideration with them; and as for each one's personal disaster—after the first, rather unconcerned mention of it, it was simply ignored. Once they had learned the worst from the C. O. or the Matron (that an arm or a leg would have to go, or whatever it might be), there was no further reference to it. So our ward was a wonderfully gay place, the wounded vying with each other to keep the ball of merriment rolling; there never was a hint of melancholy or of tragedy and, although death from time to time took some, every one of those who were left continued to "play the game" up to the very end.

The weeks flew by; March came, and with it came the Battle of Picardy. The Germans were making their supreme effort to crush France—an effort which in the very beginning of the War had been frustrated by the unexpected check at the Battle of the Marne. The great and terrible Spring Offensive had opened, and that, of course, meant that our hospital began to be filled to overflowing by the huge convoys of our wounded which, escaping the perils of the mine and submarine-infested Channel, were brought to us. The tables down the centre of our ward—tables which had always been loaded with flowers—had to be removed, a double line of beds replacing them, but we never seemed to be quite able to make room enough, for still that pitiful wreckage from the battle-fields of France washed in at our doors. Of course everybody worked full steam ahead, but despite the fine organization of our hospital, we seemed at times hardly to make any impression on the ghastliness of that situation. Many of these anguishingly wounded men were slowly, slowly dying—dying by inches; many could hardly speak, but that fighting look never left their faces, and those who were delirious, as not a few were, fought on through their dreams; they went on killing Huns. In the stillness of the night watches, when the darkened ward was one long shadow, you would be startled by a high, sharp voice, raised almost to a shout: "Come out of there, you swine!—take that!" and you would hardly know whether to be the more glad that the fight was still on, or whether to be the more anxious about that man in his delirium.

One grey and chilly afternoon, when the dusk was gathering, a fresh lot of wounded arrived, and a number who were in a very grave condition were sent to our ward. As the stretchers were brought slowly in, I stood at the foot of an empty bed, ready for whatever I might be called upon to do, while one of the Sisters took charge of a very badly wounded young officer, with white, strained face and half closed eyes, his feeble strength almost gone after the fatigue of the journey. In the adjoining bed was another young officer, recently arrived (one of our severest cases—fearful head wounds, among other things), but as he watched the new-comer being put swiftly and gently to bed by the Sister, I saw him suddenly half raise himself, and a look of blank astonishment come into his face—he looked, and then he looked again, as though to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then a jubilant young voice rang out—

a strong and steady voice which seemed to belie the tell-tale, bandage-swathed head:

"Well upon my soul! You priceless old thing! Do you mean to say you've not gone West yet?"

The new-comer, twisting himself round painfully, in the direction from which the unexpected voice had come, opened his eyes and returned that look of astonishment with interest, while slowly a look of amazed recognition stole over his drawn and grimly set face, and slowly, rather gaspingly the answer came:

"Well what in hell—(Oh, I'm sorry, Sister!)—well what the devil—(Oh, Sister!)—well what in God's name are *you* doing here?—why, I left you dead on that beastly little hump of a ridge—out there near Merville—must have spent my sympathy—on the wrong man!" and he sank back, exhausted.

The other gazed at him, almost in stupefaction; he could not seem to take his eyes off him; evidently he could hardly believe his own eyes.

" . . . *here!* . . . in the very next bed too . . . well, I'll be damned!" I heard him exclaim to himself, in an undertone, as he, in his turn, sank back on his pillows.

By this time there was, of course, not a little excitement at our end of the ward. Many of the patients had heard that first cry of astonished recognition, and everyone (I not least) wondered what it was all about. Then, little by little, we learned that these two, who were old schoolmates, had joined up at the same time, and having been drafted into the same regiment, had been together in that terrible fight when the British, "with their backs to the wall", as Sir Douglas Haig had said, tried to stem the onrush of the Germans who had made a three-mile breach in our line, and who had swept through Armentières and beyond. It was one of the blackest hours of the War, and this reunion in a London hospital was little short of a miracle. But that both these boys had come home only to die, was more than evident to us who were caring for them, and as a matter of fact the end was even nearer for one, than some of us had imagined; but as they had been in the same form at school, as they had fought side by side in France, so now, side by side, they lay dying in England—it was one of those strange coincidences which do sometimes happen; the kind of fairy-tale which does sometimes mercifully come true. Occasionally, as the days slipped away, they would exchange a few cheery words—usually "chaffing" each other—but despite that spirited, first meeting, and the tremendous fight for life which they both put up, they were far too weak for much more than that, though always, when night came; when the lights were turned low in the ward, they, like so many others, would thank us "for all you do for us—it's simply topping!" And then: "You think we're hard hit—but you ought to see our men, and what *they've* been through! They're perfectly marvellous; drenched to the skin and cold; with blood running out of open wounds, unnoticed by them; they stand there for hours, still throwing bombs—you can hardly get them away; and their feet are sometimes so black and swollen from being waist-deep in the sodden trenches, that they can't get their boots on, and

they can hardly walk—so they *sing!* They'll 'stick' anything!" Always they were thinking of their men.

We worked hard over these two; the Sisters in charge spared themselves nothing, but do what we could, we saw that the one with the frightful head wounds, unable to recover from a severe but necessary operation, was sinking fast. Yet all that last day he lay there smiling through his weakness and his pain, and when (thinking there might be some small thing which could be done) someone would ask him if he was comfortable, he would answer quickly: "Ra-*ther*—top hole!"—until at last, his mind began to wander.

As most of us know, it is not at all uncommon that, when a man is dying, he lives over again, actually and vividly, some particular episode into which he has thrown the whole of himself; so now I heard this boy begin to mutter in his delirium—he was talking with someone:

"Thanks awfully, sir, but you know I *asked* to go—I *want* . . . to . . . ."

Many more broken sentences followed, with long intervals between, and a kind of wild restlessness which seized him—he was trying to move freely:

"Curse this mud! It's damned hard on the men . . . " then an exultant cry:

"*Look!* What did I tell you!—we've got'em on the run! . . . No! they've turned!"

He was out on that battle-field, living again that last fight of his, and I saw his hands, for all their rapidly failing strength, clenched as if gripping something, savagely. At first his voice had sounded hollow and far off, but now, unexpectedly, it filled with intense and throbbing life, and into his young, death-shadowed face, a light came suddenly—as when the sun breaks through a rift in a dark cloud-bank, just before it sinks for the night below the horizon.

"Come on, boys!" he almost shouted, "Come on! Give'em hell, by God!"—but the effort had been too much for him; his voice trailed off into a long, quavering sigh.

The aged "Padre" had stolen softly in, well knowing what was taking place, and now he came and stood beside the bed, his white head bowed; then silently we listened to the Committal Prayer, while the dying boy's face turned slowly to marble. We closed his eyes, spreading the Union Jack over him, just as he was; and later, when they moved him to the Mortuary Chapel, we knew that his friend would follow him there soon; and when, indeed, within a few days, that faithful friend died too, we spread gently over him the same Union Jack which had covered his old playfellow, so recently "gone West".

VOLUNTEER.

(*To be continued*)

ROCKS

Why do men love landscape? Because it is the place where Life is perpetually springing.—Kuo Hsi.

I AM in the country on a vacation, and, after making the beds, sweeping the house, cooking the dinner and washing the dishes, I totter wearily out to sit in the woods.

This is, despite all, a charming little glade. Despite the dump heap, the ubiquitous American dump heap of battered tin cans, broken bottles and an old coal stove not yet rusty or desuete enough to be salvaged as an antique. This rubbish, overlaid as it is by leaves and weeds, is not unpleasant. It provides a sort of skeleton at the feast, evidence of the mortality and transitoriness of forms unanimated by spiritual content. Yes, it is a charming glade, with a few old oaks and hickories and green underbrush of dogwood and viburnum. A brook bed of boulders wanders through it, the brook itself being Virginia creeper, a strange stream of wind-moved emerald.

As I sink down upon a stone, there comes to my mind that so satisfactory little poem quoted in a previous issue of the Quarterly:

"I wish I was a little rock,
A sittin' on a hill,
A doin' nuthin' all day long
But jist a sittin' still.
I wouldn't walk, I wouldn't move,
I wouldn't even wash.
I'd jist sit down a thousand years,
And rest myself, by Gosh."

Isn't that why rocks are so soothing, so comforting? They never hurry. Our age is surely described by that riddle which delighted our childhood: "Why is a mouse when it spins?"——"The higher the fewer." But rocks are not like that. They are quiet, they are silent, they can be counted upon. They are plunged in what age-long Bliss!

In the Japanese Tea Ceremony, when the guests are seated in the Tea House, and the elaborate ritual of tea-making is accomplished, a subject of conversation is proposed. For example, at a ceremony where a friend of mine was present, the subject was waterfalls.

Let me, to-day, sitting upon this lichen-covered stone, consider rocks.

High up in the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by snowy peaks, among the great pines, I have seen huge boulders flecked with silver that glistened in the sun. I have seen at L'Ile-Bouchard in Touraine, a dolmen whose great cap stone, the largest in France, had partially crushed in its piers, and lay like a

gigantic tortoise, hoary with what antiquity, and heavy with the memory of what rites! I remember at Nettuno in Italy the ruins of Nero's villa, where great blocks of stone lie fallen in the sea, covered with waving green and purple water plants. I think of the Painted Desert, pink, alizarine, raw Sienna, earth of Puzzuoli, Caput Mortuum, English red, Venetian red, cinnabar and vermilion. Of the Grand Canyon, in which chasm fantastic temples and palaces of purple, red, rose, green and ochre seem like some Atlantean ruin uncovered from the sea. Of the miles-long beach at Point Reyes, entirely composed of tiny water-rounded and polished pebbles like jewels, jade, agate, sardonix, carnelian, lapis lazuli and opal.

My thoughts pass at random from these to the rocks of the grotto of Calypso, set amid fields of violets, lately rediscovered by M. Victor Bérard in the flanks of Gebel Musa. To the strange shapes of malachite and lapis lazuli in Chinese painting. To the porphyry chamber of the palace at Byzantium, where Emperors were "born in the purple". To the rock which Æneas scaled "to seek the prospect far and wide". To the Black Stone of the Kaaba at Mecca. And from these to the strange lore of stones. There are oracular stones, musical stones, stones that run and skip, stones that will not sink in the sea but fly back to the place from which they were taken. There are stones that were called into place by music,—in Mexico and Peru, or at Stonehenge or Carnac in Brittany, the mysterious menhirs and dolmens of the great Dracontiæ. There are venerable stones that are objects of worship, like the Black Stone of Mecca. There is the Stone of Scone. There is the cult of the obsidian knife in Mexico. There are the Ophitês and Sideritês, the "Serpent stone" and the "Star stone". —"The Ophitês is shaggy, heavy, black and has *the gift of speech;* when one prepares to cast it away it produces a sound similar to the cry of a child."

Last but not least, there is the Philosopher's Stone.

Hermes says, "In the caverns of the metals there is hidden the Stone, which is venerable, bright in colour, a mind sublime and an open sea." And also: "The Stone contains in its veins the blood of the Pelican."

Eliphas Lévi tells us in the nineteenth chapter of *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie:* "This stone, say the masters of Alchemy, is the true salt of the Philosophers, which enters as a third part into the composition of Azoth. Now, Azoth is, as one knows, the name of the great Hermetic agent, and of the true Philosopher's agent, so they represent their salt in the form of a cubic stone, as one can see in the twelve keys of Basil Valentine or in the allegories of Trévisan."

H. P. B. says in the *Glossary*, under the heading, "Philosopher's Stone": "Called also the 'Powder of Projection'. It is the Magnum Opus of the Alchemists, an object to be attained by them at all costs, a substance possessing the power of transmuting the baser metals into pure gold. Mystically, however, the Philosopher's Stone symbolizes the transmutation of the lower animal nature of man into the highest and divine."

In the vision of St. John, in Revelation, the Christ says cryptically: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a

White Stone, and in the Stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." And surely this was what the great Hermetic Master meant when he said: "Tu es Petrus"—Thou art Peter and upon this Rock I shall build my Order.

The subject of the Philosopher's Stone, its quest, its solution, the system of the Spiritual Alchemists, is vast indeed. One might sit and meditate thereon as long as this rock should remain here.

But what connection, you inquire impatiently, has this sublime Stone of the Philosophers with these lichen spotted boulders here in the glade? What indeed?

Kuo Hsi, who was a Taoist and a landscape painter in the eleventh century, says: "Rocks are the bones of heaven and earth; and being noble, are hard and deep."

And what are our own bones but sedimentary rocks, and what our skeleton but the crystalline form of man? Hard and deep. Constant and profound.

What is the consciousness of rocks? The student of Theosophy, who is convinced that consciousness is the basis of all existence, can never imagine a rock without it. Their consciousness is embodied, so to speak, in what seems to us the grossest of the elements. Yet consider how many, how various are the qualities of rocks. Some are friable, some hard, some formed by fire, some by water; some contain one element, some another. All such qualities must be the result of varying forces in consciousness. So that rocks, if we could see their insides, must be tremendously alive. Do they not feel the sense of life itself, the bliss of Being? Not that they "work their brains" as we do; but mental awareness, only partly developed in us, is a small part of the far greater reaches of consciousness. We are both evolving,—man and rock.

"Man becomes a stone, a plant, an animal, a man and finally a God," says the Hermetic axiom, and Madame Blavatsky, commenting upon it, adds: "But by 'Man' the Divine Monad is meant and not the Thinking Entity, much less his Physical Body." So the Divine Monad which ensouls the stone is the same as our own.

We ought to be able to discover and share the consciousness of the rock by an interior process like that of following back the involutions of a sea shell. The Tablet of Emerald says: "Thou shalt separate the earth from the fire, the subtile from the gross, acting prudently and with judgment." Shankaracharya says: "Discern between the Eternal and the non-Eternal." This is the method by which one attains the Philosopher's Stone, and, also, penetrates the consciousness of the rock.

As I sit here looking at these stones, I am filled with longing to attain these things, and with the conviction that they can be attained by love and persistence.

I remember the beautiful words of the Zen writer, Keizan: "Silence is eloquent enough to make clear the essence, and even while sitting in repose the cosmos can be grasped."

SAUVAGE.

THEOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF THE WORK OF JEANNE D'ARC

FIVE hundred years ago, in Rouen, Jeanne d'Arc consummated the sacrifice of her extraordinary life in the service of the Lodge. So striking and effective were that life and service, and so unequivocal her testimony to the source of the constant guidance given her, that any student of Theosophy must of necessity think of her as an instrument of the Great Lodge. That she was a "Lodge Messenger" in the technical sense in which we now use that term, is not to be supposed. She was not concerned with doctrines, or with teaching, but with the accomplishment of definite results. Those results, because of the very facts of her life, and the nature and source of her inspiration, must have formed part of a definite plan of the Lodge. Viewed in this light, what she accomplished historically for France takes on, perhaps, a new and special significance; so it will be the purpose of this article to suggest some aspects of that work in their relation to two subjects of special interest to students of Theosophy, namely, cycles, and Adept Kings. Conclusions drawn and statements made—other than quotations—are based upon the writer's interpretation of hints by older students, sometimes contained in previous issues of the QUARTERLY. This interpretation seems to have been confirmed fully by study, the results now being expressed as settled convictions,—for which, in the nature of things, the QUARTERLY is in no way responsible.

Madame Blavatsky—the centenary of whose birth we are commemorating this year—repeatedly emphasized the significance and importance of cycles, and of the fact that the greater their sweep, the more powerful they are. A cycle of five hundred years was referred to by her on several occasions, along with cycles of one hundred, two hundred and fifty, seven hundred, and one thousand years. Furthermore, in "the most secret calculations", every figure or cycle must be a multiple of seven (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I. 36), for seven is "the *Factor* number" of "this present manvantara, our Life-cycle", and the symbol of earth life "*linked with divine life*" (II. 590-91). So we are to-day witness to the fact that Jeanne d'Arc (1412-1431) was formally proposed for canonization 490 (7x70) years after her birth, and actually canonized in the 490th year after her martyrdom[1]—coinciding closely with the 500th anni-

[1] Allowance must be made in all such calculations for the adjustments, or corrections made in the calendar since Jeanne lived. Celestial time is quite oblivious both of man's miscalculations and of his legislative enactments. One of the first difficulties in calculating such cycles is due to the fact that the civil year does not follow astronomical time, whether solar or lunar, correctly. The subject is too large to enter into here; but it might be remembered that in Jeanne's day in France, the year began with Easter, as it had in the Roman Empire until the reform of Julius Cæsar. Jeanne was born, for example, Jan. 6, 1411, old style; but Jan. 6, 1412, new, or present, style.

versary of her death. Moreover, the first outspoken effort which led ultimately towards the canonization of Jeanne was made by the Archbishop of Poitiers, Cardinal Pie, in 1844, or 59x7 years after Jeanne's martyrdom; and she was declared officially Venerable 66x7 years after her martyrdom, or 49 (7x7) years later.

We need not attach too much importance, however, to the dates of Jeanne's canonization by the Roman Church—Rome's belated recognition of her, concerns Rome more than it does Jeanne. Formal canonization was not brought about by any initiative on the part of the Roman Curia; it was an outcome of popular demand, which began to spring up "spontaneously" throughout France after the defeat of 1870; and the Church has at no time declared itself in the least at fault,—not even for the long delay in changing a formal verdict of "liar, pernicious seductress, . . . diviner, blasphemer of God and Saints, contemptuous of God in His Sacraments, . . . seditious, cruel, apostate and schismatical",—to "Virgin Martyr and Saint". The official historian of Jeanne d'Arc, a Jesuit, and an exceedingly able apologist for the course Rome has recently taken, blandly admitted as much when he wrote in 1898: "If the Roman Church has delayed four centuries in raising her to the altars which she is now preparing for her, it is—as we have already said—because no one has demanded it of her until these latter times."[2] What other inference could one draw but that Rome does not proclaim saints as saints unless it is a popular thing to do? If a saint, particularly one persecuted by Roman ecclesiastics, should happen to remain indefinitely unpopular, what then? The Roman Church to-day, while claiming Jeanne's achievements as its own, washes its hands of all responsibility for putting Jeanne to death, and has consistently avoided the slightest admission of guilt. For example, the formal rescript attached to the Bull of Pope Calixtus III, June 3, 1455, authorizing an investigation of Jeanne's Trial of Condemnation, "that justice may be done" (*quod justum fuerit*), calls Peter Cauchon a Bishop "of good memory" or renown (*bonæ memoriæ Petro, episcopo Belvacensi;* Bibl. Nat. Ms. 5970, fol. 3vo.; Quicherat, *Procès De Jeanne D'Arc*, II. 96); while the formal sentence of the Apostolic Commission in 1456, condemning the original *Procès* as null, void, and iniquitous, nevertheless does not contain *one word* in condemnation of Cauchon or any of his fellow inquisitors. To-day, the official attitude of the Roman Curia is different, now that it has been forced into explicit statements by the pressure of a widespread popular demand, and it no longer maintains an equivocal silence. It takes no more blame to itself than before; but now it wholly disowns Cauchon "of good memory", and the others. It tells us that the University of Paris in 1431 was schismatic and heretical, representing the "free thought" of that time, and quarrelling with Councils and supporting anti-Popes; that Cauchon was Rector of the University of Paris before his elevation to the See of Beauvais, was an enemy of the Pope, and acted, as he stated, in obedience to the orders of the English King, which was in defiance of Canon Law; that Courcelles, Erard, and Evérardi, Jeanne's inquisitors, were "equally

[2] *La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc*, by J.-B.-P. Ayroles, S. J., Vol. IV, p. 508.

enemies of the Pucelle and of the Pope"; and that Jeanne *proved* her saintliness and her loyalty to the true Catholic Church 1) by appealing repeatedly over the heads of these schismatics to "the Pope who is at Rome"—which appeals were *denied;* 2) by herself "repelling as the Church the clerics who gave themselves out to be the true Church"; and 3) by the fact that: "She died for having confuted their doctrine on the Church"—a statement as amazing as it is tactically brilliant in promoting her cause for official canonization. In ordinary life, a man's higher nature has to suffer the consequences of the evil deeds of his lower elementals; an outspoken, let alone a tacit disavowal does not relieve him of responsibility. Karma, as some day it may be hoped the Roman Church will find, cannot be side-stepped so easily.[3]

The fact is that the currents which control cyclic manifestations run far below the surface; and in officially recognizing Jeanne's saintliness, the Roman Church was quite unwittingly an instrument of those Great Ones who administer cyclic manifestations in Kali Yuga, and who could use Rome's political opportunism and bid for popularity, as they use all things, for their own purposes. Whatever the reasons, it is unquestionably a fact that never before has the spirit, the mission, and the inspiration of Jeanne's life accomplished more in an inner sense for her beloved France than in the period 1912-1931—a spirit, an inspiration, and a mission which she repeatedly declared came to her direct from "the King of the Heavens", who was also "the King of France", and which have once again aided countless numbers of her countrymen in expelling the invader and maintaining the integrity of France.

In the light of this fact, is it mere coincidence that the first printed line of the preliminary chapter ("Before the Veil") of the first book Madame Blavatsky published as Lodge Messenger, namely *Isis Unveiled*, opens with a quotation from Jeanne d'Arc: "Advance our waving colours on the walls!"? We recall what was said recently in the "Screen" (QUARTERLY, Vol. xxvii, p. 297): "Short of the example of Masters, I know of nothing in history more heroic than the life and death of Joan of Arc. From first to last she was full of fears, and was vividly, torturingly aware of them. Instead of thinking of herself as a heroine, she undoubtedly reproached herself for cowardice. Her heroism lay in the fact that she conquered her fears,—so completely that 'Forward' became the automatic response even of her nerves to the dreads of her nerves." Perhaps—who knows?—H.P.B. was already realizing the courage it would take for *her* to advance the Banner of Theosophy into a new cycle, and at the very outset was thinking of a kindred spirit. Certainly we find written in one of the letters attributed to a Master—*à propos* of H.P.B. and the need for workers in the world—that "someone has to be sacrificed—though we accept but *voluntary* vic-

[3] For the above quotations, all from official publications, see *Nova Posito Super Virtutibus, Index Expositionis Virtutum*, pp. 21-22, in *Aurelianen. Beatificationis et Canonizationis Ven. Servæ Dei Joannæ De Arc Virginis*, under the editorship of Cardinal Dominico Ferrata, Romæ, ex typographia S. C. De Propaganda Fide, 1903, 594 pages. The thesis is fully expounded in two very large volumes by J.-B.-P. Ayroles, S. J., accorded a special Brief of approval by Pope Leo XIII: *L'Université de Paris au temps de Jeanne d'Arc, et la Cause de sa Haine contre la Libératrice*, Paris, 1901; esp. ch. i of Bk. I, and Bks. II and III; and *La Pucelle Devant L'Église de Son Temps*, Vol. I of his extraordinary work *La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc*, in five volumes, all of which bears on this subject.

tims."[4] Madame Blavatsky herself wrote in *The Key to Theosophy* (ch. IX: "On Post-Mortem and Post-Natal Consciousness"): "As the man at the moment of death has a retrospective insight into the life he has led, so, at the moment he is reborn on to earth, the *Ego* . . . has a prospective vision of the life which awaits him, and realizes all the causes that have led to it. He realizes them and sees futurity . . . ." Applying this to Jeanne d'Arc, we must assume that she saw clearly the outlines of this proposed incarnation, with its betrayal culminating in imprisonment, torture, and death by fire, and deliberately and knowingly *volunteered* to undertake this terrible responsibility, this sublime piece of work, for love of her Master, and for love of France. Think of facing open-eyed such a life, and then plunging in with such *élan* that, despite the handicaps, a whole people were uplifted, and still are being lifted, out of Kali Yuga mud. In one of the old chronicles recording the sentiment which gave rise to the memorial held in Orleans on the 8th of May, practically without a break each year since 1429, we read that: "In the eyes of the common people her saintliness was different from ordinary saintliness; it was the saintliness of a being who has descended from heaven, rather than that of a being who struggles to gain heaven"—an inspired statement which rendered homage to the dimly-sensed sacrifice, and voiced the instinctive recognition of a truth that even a total mental ignorance of reincarnation could not wholly obscure.

The signs are manifold, as we have suggested, that Jeanne d'Arc was working directly on behalf of the Lodge: she said more than once that she knew a great deal more than she would tell anyone, and that many things had been told her by her Voices with the specific injunction not to speak of them at all. We may expect to find, therefore, many hints and suggestions in her recorded sayings, as also in the outstanding acts and accomplishments of her life, which will reflect Lodge ideals and Lodge purposes. One or two phases only of this can be dwelt upon here, more particularly those which are brought to light by a study of certain cycles, in the development of which Jeanne d'Arc seems to have had a special and prominent place.

Mr. Judge once said, in discussing the interblending of greater and lesser, spiritual and physical cycles, that to discover them "requires a very careful examination of the deeds and works of numerous historical personages in universal history, so as to arrive by analysis at correct periods" (*Path*, IV, p. 279). It is the belief of the present writer that the Lodge made an effort through Jeanne d'Arc, which had certain definite characteristics. These might be stated briefly as follows: 1) It was an effort on behalf of, and to redeem, France; 2) It was a military-religious effort; 3) It sought to bring France as a nation, and especially her King, to recognize Christ as the true King of France,—and the earthly King as his lieutenant and representative; 4) It sought to win the dedication of the arms and banners of France directly to heaven and to the Divine King; and, 5) It provided a group of quite exceptional men whose mainspring and inspiration was a woman. Let us now turn to some of the discernible cycles which seem to link themselves with Jeanne d'Arc, remember-

[4] *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 51; italics ours.

ing that the longer their sweep the more powerful their effect, and using the multiples suggested by H.P.B.

Twenty-one (3x7) years after Jeanne initiated her work, her rehabilitation began, culminating in the formal Trial of Rehabilitation, which officially condemned the trial of Bishop Cauchon (though not the Bishop), and the iniquitous verdicts of the University of Paris. Charles VII has repeatedly been stigmatized for waiting so many years before he saw any necessity to rehabilitate the memory of one who had served him so well, had suffered so terribly on his behalf, and whom he had "deserted"; but it is overlooked that he could have done nothing effective until his power was established, and until he was in possession of Rouen and the necessary records of Jeanne's Trial there. *Three months* after his capture of Rouen, while still in the midst of a difficult winter campaign, he commissioned William Bouillé, Dean of Noyon and Rector of the University of Paris, to set about a revision of the *Procès*. Documents discovered and published since Quicherat's time completely alter the impression conveyed by the older books and still echoed to-day, that Charles did not lift a finger to help Jeanne after her capture, and was completely indifferent to her memory years after her death. On the contrary, the contemporary letters of the Venetian chronicler Morosini to a French sympathizer in Bruges, one Pancrace Justiniani, state emphatically, first (Letter xxii, Dec. 15, 1430), that Charles sent an embassy to the Duke of Burgundy telling him not to dare to ransom the Pucelle to the English, and threatening to retaliate on Burgundians who had been captured if he did; and second, even more interesting, in a letter (xxiii) of June 22, 1431, that "two or three times" the English had wished to burn Jeanne as a heretic, but that they had not done so because "of the great menaces of the Dauphin of France against the English";—though, finally, the third time they had burned her in agreement with the French, which must undoubtedly refer to Cauchon, the University of Paris, and their like (the texts are reprinted by Ayroles, *La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc*, III, pp. 659-660). Charles at that time was both impoverished and almost impotent. It was a Bishop, Regnault of Chartres, who not only presided over the Council of Poitiers that approved of Jeanne's Mission, and consecrated Charles, but who, as Bishop of Rheims, was the Metropolitan of Beauvais and therefore Cauchon's immediate superior,—who could have rescued Jeanne from charges of heresy, if he had wished to do so. But it was precisely that ecclesiastic, a supposedly friendly Bishop, who never raised a finger or a voice in her defence. Ayroles admits this fact, though without comment (*Op. cit.*, IV. 114). Moreover, was it forgetfulness which led Charles on a visit to Orleans, Oct. 3, 1448, to choose to sleep in the house of Jacques Boucher where Jeanne had slept, rather than in the royal quarters? An almost contemporary tablet marks the event.

It was one hundred years after Jeanne's death, or in 1531, that the first statue was erected in Rouen to her memory, followed by a second in 1631, when the first group of books defending her accomplishments began to appear in France. It is noteworthy that the first Bourbon Kings were among the earliest to revive, and to honour, the memory of Jeanne d'Arc. She herself

mentions their ancestor, Charles de Bourbon, as one of the few of Charles' entourage whose "eyes" were able to see her Voices during the special revelations at Chinon. Two hundred and fifty years after her death, or in 1681, Marguerite-Marie (also recently canonized) seems to have been the instrument of another effort by the Lodge for France, when not only "the consecration and the homage of the King [Louis XIV] and all his Court" were asked, but Marguerite-Marie wrote that the Master Christ "wishes to reign in his [Louis'] palace, to be painted on his standards and engraved on his weapons, to make him victorious over all his enemies . . . ."[5] It is doubtful if Louis XIV ever knew of this revelation; but that this behest to mark visibly the consecration of the arms and banners of France, bore fruit with startling results during the recent Great War, not only among individual soldiers but with whole regiments, is known to many—the cycle would seem to be gathering power. In other words, some 250 years after the effort of Marguerite-Marie, and 500 years after Jeanne d'Arc, there was an instinctive recurrence of those earlier impulses.

Four hundred years after Jeanne we have Napoleon, a reincarnation of Charlemagne, as he said of himself, and as pointed out and endorsed by Mr. Judge (cf. *Ocean*, pp. 86 and 120). Now Charlemagne was an even 1,000 years before Napoleon, and 600 before Jeanne d'Arc; and there certainly is no need to characterize the military effort made by both on behalf of France, nor their success in galvanizing and recreating the national spirit of France. In *Echoes From The Orient*, Mr. Judge wrote: "A greater part is taken in the history of nations by the Nirmânakâyas than anyone supposes. . . . Strange, too, as it may seem, often such men as Napoleon Buonaparte are from time to time helped by them" (pp. 30-31). No evidence was ever more direct and positive than that which Jeanne's words and deeds alike bore to the constant aid she herself received from the invisible Hosts of the inner world, and particularly from individual members of that Host. It is hardly necessary to recall that Jeanne d'Arc repeatedly asserted that it was St. Michael who "first" appeared to her at Domremy; that she "saw him several times before knowing that it was St. Michael", but that he finally made himself known to her; that St. Gabriel also came to comfort and counsel her, notably on the third of May: " 'at [the Feast of] the Holy-Cross, I had the comfort of St. Gabriel. And you may well believe that it was St. Gabriel.' And she knew by her Voices that it was St. Gabriel". The inference seems quite unescapable: Napoleon, Jeanne and Charlemagne represent the recurrence of the same cyclic phase in the work of the Great Lodge of Masters for the soul of France. France has taken St. Michael as its patron saint and guardian angel since earliest times; and we recall those words recorded by St. Matthew, and quoted before in the QUARTERLY in a similar connection: "Therefore I say unto you, The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof" (xxi. 43).

Looking backward from Jeanne's life-time to those who preceded her, and

[5] Cf. *Vie de Sainte Marguerite-Marie* par A. Hamon, S. J.; Paris, 1923, 5th ed., pp. 416, 417, and following, quoting the original documents, letters, etc.

keeping the multiples of seven in mind for more precision in our discovery of cycles where earth life "*is linked with divine life*", as seems so clear in the characters and periods under review, we find that Louis IX of France (St. Louis) was born in 1215, or the 196th year before the birth of Jeanne, that is, 7x28, and came to the throne in 1226 with his saintly mother as Regent, so that he was 14 years old in 1229, or, in those days, of age, when he began his work for France. It was Jeanne who told Dunois, Bastard of Orleans, at their first meeting in 1429 outside Orleans, when Jeanne had just discovered that she had been tricked into marching on the wrong side of the Loire, that: "En nom Dé, the counsel of my lords [*Messires*] is better than yours, and that of men, and it is surer and wiser. You have thought to deceive me, but you have only deceived yourselves; for I bring you the best help that has ever come to any knight, or city or fortress whatever; and that is God's good-will and the succour of the King of the heavens,—not in the least for love of me, but proceeding purely from God; who, at the request of St. Louys and St. Charles the Great, has had pity on the city of Orleans, and does not wish that the enemy should have the person of the Duke of Orleans or his city."[6] Here we find Jeanne d'Arc passing on information received from her Voices about the concern, one might almost say the solicitude, of precisely St. Louis and Charlemagne, the latter apparently ranking as a saint in the courts of heaven. Nor is this all. Seven hundred years before Jeanne, or 714-741, Charles Martel drove both the Saracens and the German invaders out of France, his great victory over the former falling in the seven hundredth year before Jeanne's martyrdom, or on October 10th, 732. It is striking, also, that Charles Martel drove the Burgundians and Saracens out of Burgundy in 737, just as Charles VII drove the English and Burgundian troops out of Paris and Burgundy in 1437, as prophesied by Jeanne.

As is well known, Jeanne, by revelation, and at the command of her Voices, sent from Tours to the Church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, and bid the priests there dig for a sword buried near the altar, which was duly found, covered with rust, which, however, came off easily with polishing, and revealed five crosses on the blade. According to a local tradition, Charles Martel founded this church in 732 after his victory over the Saracens, whom he ceased to pursue at this spot, and as was the custom of chivalry, offered his sword in thanksgiving for his victory. Once more, tradition affirms that it was Charles Martel's sword that Jeanne recovered miraculously—though some of the chroniclers of the time give more "rational" explanations. However, Madame Blavatsky says that: "No mythological story, no traditional event in the folk-lore of a people has ever been, at any time, pure fiction, but [that] every one of such narratives has an actual, historical lining to it" (*S. D.*, I, p. 303). Therefore, whatever we may believe about the actual sword found, the fundamental truth,

[6] *Chronique de la Pucelle*, ch. 44; p. 284 of the ed. by Vallet de Viriville, 1859. Dunois' own report of this speech, given at the Trial of Rehabilitation 26 years after the event, is identical in thought, but the well-turned Latin phrases lose some of the refreshing vigour and naïveté of the earlier French version, written by one, Guillaume Cousinot, who was almost certainly an eye-witness in 1429, and wrote not long after from notes kept at the time. For Dunois, cf. Quicherat, *Procès De Jeanne D'Arc*, t. III, p. 5-6.

of which the sword was a symbol, would seem to suggest that the old cycle was being renewed after 700 years, and, as in Masonry, the Word, it is said, must be passed on, so the new agent, Jeanne, may have received the seal of continuity in accepting and bearing a mystic sword—as it were another Excalibur—to the relief of Orleans. Certainly Jeanne kept her own counsel as to what became of it: "At Saint-Denis I made an offering of my arms, but the sword of Fierbois was not there. I had it at Lagny. After Lagny I carried the sword of the aforementioned Burgundian [whom she had captured], until Compiègne, because it was a good fighting sword, for good blows and good strokes. As for the sword of Fierbois, and of the place where I left it, that does not concern the trial, and I will not say anything about that at present."[7] The sword at Saint-Denis was captured and borne off by the English and Burgundians a few years later, but the sword of Fierbois, like Excalibur, "disappeared"—as Chartier wrote, "*par miracle*" (ch. 71).

It is interesting in this general connection to note that a contemporary MS. (Bibl. Nat., No. 7301), records that at the time when Jeanne and the Dauphin were approaching Rheims for the coronation, the people saw "des hommes armés de toutes pièces chevaucher en l'air sur un grand cheval blanc, se dirigeant des mers d'Espagne vers la Bretagne, et criant aux populations effrayées: 'Ne vous esmayes!' "—which is still a local proverb in the West of France. Traditionally, there has been a branch of the Lodge in Spain until recent times, and one might suppose that simple-hearted country-folk caught glimpses of what was at that special time literally "in the air". Jean d'Aulon testified in 1456 that in the hot fight before the wall of Saint-Pierre-le-Moustier "he saw the Maid was left, accompanied by very few of her own following or any others; and fearing, he that speaks, that harm might come of it, mounted on a horse and hastily went to her, and asked her what she was doing alone there like that, and why she had not retreated like the others. She, after that she had raised the visor of her helmet above her head, replied that she was not alone, and that she still had in her company fifty thousand of her following, and that she would not leave until she had taken the said city. And he said, he who speaks, that at that time, whatever she may have said, she did not have with her more than four or five men, and this he knows most certainly, and many others who saw her in the same way" (Quicherat, III, p. 218).

One after another of the threads of the past were gathered together into another cyclic focus about the work of Jeanne d'Arc, and passed on through her to our own day. After all, 1429, the year of Jeanne's initial activity and the consecration at Rheims, was, so far as we know, exactly 1400 years after the Last Supper and Passion of Christ. Does not this suggest great things for the next major septenate, or 2100 years after Christ, 1400 after Charles Martel, 700 after Jeanne d'Arc, and fit into H.P.B.'s prophecy in the *Key* about a

[7] Process of Condemnation, session of February 27th. The best as well as the most available text, superseding that of Quicherat, is by Pierre Champion, Paris, 1920; Vol. I, Latin and Old French texts; Vol. II, modern French translation, with illustrative notes. The above will be found in I. 58 and II. 51,—turning indirect into direct discourse. Routledge in London has just published the first complete translation into English, by W. P. Barrett, for 15 shillings, a work which has been long overdue.

possible "heaven on earth" in the 21st century and after? For we still have the Lodge messengers of the 20th and 21st centuries to prepare the way, and the T.S. is still keeping the link unbroken.

In the light of all this, Jeanne's insistence that "the gentil Dauphin" should formally dedicate his kingdom to Christ, the true "King of France", and receive a formal anointing and consecration at Rheims, takes on a new significance. The hierarchical principle being inherent in the structure of the Universe, the Lodge is not a democracy. In the days of old before Kali Yuga descended upon us, great Adepts themselves reigned upon earth: "They have been called Initiates, Adepts, Magi, Hierophants, Kings of the East, Wise Men, Brothers. . . . The older mysteries continually refer to them. Ancient Egypt had them in her great king-Initiates" (*Ocean*, p. 7). "Such dynasties of *divine* Kings—of gods reigning over men, followed by dynasties of Heroes or Giants—exist in the annals of every nation . . . " (*S. D.*, I. 266). "All those great characters who tower like giants in the history of mankind, like Buddha-Siddartha, and Jesus, in the realm of spiritual, and Alexander the Macedonian and Napoleon the Great, in the realm of physical conquests, were but reflexed images of human types which had existed ten thousand years before, in the preceding decimillennium, reproduced by the mysterious powers controlling the destinies of our world" (*Isis*, I. 34-5). Viewed in this perspective, we might naturally expect that if and when the Lodge should work directly with a nation, even in Kali Yuga, that work would be directed towards establishing on earth, visibly once more and as a practical reality, the reign of the Adept particularly responsible for that chosen nation. And as a first step in the reascent from the bottom of the arc, the cycle would work back through the phases which had immediately preceded in the descending arc. Therefore, we should expect to find "Heroes and Giants" ruling as representatives of the Adept King, who (on the descending arc) had himself been forced to withdraw because of the increasing wickedness and rebellion of his subjects, and (on the reascending arc) would not yet be able to assume full and direct control. There is much evidence that the Lodge has been doing just this for France since the fall of the Roman Empire.

The extent to which Jeanne d'Arc carried through the consecration of France to the "King of the Heavens", and won Charles VII to accept the position of Christ's lieutenant, is not always recognized. As the whole matter seems fantastic ("*piquante*", says Ayroles), and without real significance to a majority of modern historians, the actual records have not been found translated into English. The anointing and crowning at Rheims was an outer dramatization which catches both eye and imagination. Since the time of Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, French Kings had been anointed at Rheims, not without a genuine mystical significance; and Charles the Dauphin did not receive the seal of his kingship until formally anointed and consecrated at Rheims. This was actually the second of the special tasks set Jeanne d'Arc to perform, as she herself stated—the first being to raise the siege of Orleans. But behind the outer coronation at Rheims by a Bishop of the Church (Regnault of Chartres, who opposed and betrayed Jeanne), lay an inner, spiritual act of far greater

moment. "Remember it is the little things the work is done through, for they are not noticed, while the larger ones draw the eyes and minds of all" (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, II, p. 32; cf. QUARTERLY, VIII, p. 371). That act was the self-dedication of Charles and the offering up of his kingdom, which involved his acceptance of this divine commission. To bring about this submission of Charles to Christ, the "King of the Heavens, who is also King of France", was a primary object of Jeanne's work. She spoke of it again and again. Her first words to Robert de Baudricourt were a declaration of the royalty of Christ (Bertrand de Poulengey testifies): "I saw her speaking to Robert de Baudricourt, the Captain of the said village. She told him that she came to Robert himself on the part of her Lord; that He commanded the Dauphin to hold fast and not give up fighting his enemies; that her Lord would give him succour before the middle of Lent; for Jeanne herself said that the kingdom did not belong to [*spectabat*, literally, pertain to] the Dauphin, but to her Lord; nevertheless, her Lord wished that the Dauphin himself should be King, and that he have this kingdom in trust, saying that he would make the Dauphin King in spite of his enemies, and that she herself would lead him to his consecration. At which Robert asked of her: 'Who is your Lord?' and she replied: 'The King of Heaven'" (Quicherat, II. 456). It would be impossible to state more clearly or precisely the hierarchical principle, or the Royalty of Christ over France. Again, Jeanne's first declaration to Charles was in exactly the same terms (her confessor, Brother John Pasquerel, gives her words): "Gentil Dauphin, I am called Jehanne la Pucelle; and the King of the Heavens makes known to you by me, that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall be lieutenant (*locum tenens*) of the King of the Heavens, who is the King of France" (Quicherat, III. 103). Numerous other citations could be made of similar speeches.

In addition to this, after the success at Orleans, when Charles began seriously to put his faith in Jeanne, there occurred a scene perhaps as significant as any in this part of her career. An account of it was discovered almost by accident in the Vatican library by Count Ugo Balzani, and was published by the distinguished librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Leopold Delisle, in 1885. The author of this account, an ardently patriotic French priest resident at the time in Rome, wrote a chronicle from the Creation to the autumn of 1428, and therefore stopping just short of Jeanne's advent in Chinon, March 6th, 1429. His knowledge of current French affairs was accurate and often detailed. Seven, perhaps eight, manuscript copies of his highly esteemed work are known, and it was first printed as early as 1479. Among his last words in this chronicle is a sentence to the effect that the very Christian Prince, King Charles, although abandoned by his own followers and left desolate, would, with triumphant banner, nevertheless be aided and be favoured by the Almighty (from whom is all victory) in the very moment that he should humiliate himself, and should pray to Him with a pure heart. This devout and prophetic Frenchman kept his own copy of his published chronicle, and, learning presently of the great events that had transpired immediately thereafter in France, he took up

his pen once more, and added several paragraphs to this one manuscript—we can imagine with what emotion after having written the above sentence. It is this special MS. that has been re-read, with the consequent discovery of these unique concluding paragraphs. The narrative in them ends shortly after the relief of Orleans, omitting all mention of the Loire campaign and the crowning at Rheims; so it must have been written immediately on receipt of the news from eye-witnesses at the Dauphin's court. The passages are too long to quote, except for the following highly significant final incident: "What shall I say more. The said Maid asked of the French King that he make her a present. To this the King pledged himself. She then demanded that the Kingdom of France itself be given her. The King, astonished, after some hesitation, gave it to her, and she accepted it. And she wished that the deed of gift should be drawn up and solemnly proclaimed by the four secretaries of the King. Which being done, the King remained somewhat amazed. The young maiden said to those present: 'Behold, this is the most impoverished chevalier of his Kingdom!' And after a little time, in the presence of the same notaries, disposing of the Kingdom of France as its mistress, she gave it into the hands of God Almighty. Then, at the end of several moments more, at the command of God, she invested Charles the King himself with the Kingdom of France;—and she wished that all this should be solemnly recorded in writing" (Text in *Bibl. de l'École des Chartes*, t. xlvi, 1885, p. 665).

If this incident stood alone, without any corroboration, some might perhaps think it the conceit of a gifted imagination written to entertain a distant friend in Rome, and recorded there in all simplicity—however much in harmony with the whole character of Jeanne's mission. But the Duke d'Alençon deposed in 1456 that: "Then Jeanne herself made many requests of the King, and amongst others that he give his Kingdom to the King of the Heavens, and that the King of the Heavens, after this donation, would do for him as He had done for his predecessors, and would restore him to the former estate" (Quicherat, III. 91-2). Furthermore, the Treasurer of the German Emperor Sigismund, who evidently reproduced official accounts received from the French Court, wrote in his German chronicle of the reign of Sigismund: "First of all, when the Maid arrived before the aforesaid King, he had to promise her to do three things; the first, that he should withdraw his claim to his Kingdom, and forthwith renounce it and give it back to God, since in the meanwhile he had had it from Him; the second, that he must pardon all his own people who had been against him, or had ever wronged him; and third, that he should humble himself so far as to receive into his good grace all who came to him, whether poor or rich, whether friend or foe, who begged grace of him" (Quicherat, IV. 486-7).

With such diverse and independent testimony, the more detailed account of the French priest seems substantiated beyond question. The French King was asked to yield his person and his kingdom to the true King of France, and (not without, first, a flash of characteristic humour) it was returned to him with a commission as lieutenant from on high. *After that* came the formal outer and traditional consecration and anointing at Rheims. No wonder, thirty-two

years later, that Charles VII died with the sobriquet *le victorieux*—and has increasingly been recognized as among the greatest of the Kings of France.

It was Jeanne d'Arc, when a girl of seventeen, who made this possible. It was Jeanne d'Arc who, tied to the stake, with the faggots piled around her, declared of Charles to the priest admonishing her: "By my faith, sir, saving your reverence, I dare to say to you and to sware, on pain of my life, that he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and the one who best loves the Faith and the Church; and is not at all what you say" (Quicherat, II. 17). Perhaps, in the light of reincarnation, Jeanne was right, and knew what she was saying, despite the superficial verdict of so many historians. It was Jeanne d'Arc who carried forward a new and splendid cyclic impulse, to whom France looks instinctively to-day, and well may look in the future, for new and greater achievements. The document which Jeanne had formally drawn up consecrating France to Christ, through her and with the consent of Charles, may have "disappeared",—because, after Rheims, men may have thought it of little value; but it would seem as if the record must stand imperishable in the archives of the Lodge. We have been asked to evoke "God-instructed men to rule the nations". In the light of Jeanne d'Arc's life and work, do we find such "will-prayer" difficult to pray?

QUÆSITOR.

Souls, great souls, more than ever we need them! In the crisis through which we are passing, they alone can save us. To all such then, as feel disquiet for the mediocre, and at least a drawing towards the pure, the holy, the great, we cry: Ascend, Ascend, and never descend; higher, still higher! Look only to those radiant heights to which God calls you.—F. LAGRANGE.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THERE can be no excuse for a student of Theosophy who is narrow in his sympathies or small in outlook. Whatever affects the spiritual evolution of man and the universe, necessarily is of the greatest importance to the Lodge, seeing that Masters guide and readjust the entire evolutionary process; and because it is the aim of the student to co-operate with Masters, and because Theosophy throws light on every field of human endeavour, he strives to ground himself thoroughly in the philosophy—studying that intensively—in order to apply its principles to the phenomena of life as a whole. Starting with the fundamental propositions of *The Secret Doctrine*, tracing their application, so far as he can, through all the planes of Nature (especially his own nature, both higher and lower), he verifies his conclusions by reasoning from particulars to universals, from effects to causes, and thus avoids the pitfalls of that superficial theorizing which is the bane of modern existence.

The conversation now to be recorded, dealt with topics which everyone is discussing,—that often being our aim. The weather was hot, and no one was inclined to thrash a subject to the bone,—an exhausting process at the best of times. In fact, the Philosopher began by reminding us of the old French axiom that the greatest bore in the world is the man who says everything about anything. Then, *à propos de rien*, he added: "The trouble with modern science is that it is so dreadfully incompetent. It produces nothing but toys,—airplanes, automobiles, radios, and all the rest of it. Now, if it could control the weather, I should have some respect for it; but it cannot so much as produce a shower, or extract the humidity from a breeze which, properly dried, would be tolerable."

"Science," suggested the Engineer, "has done a good deal toward revealing the nature of matter."

"It did not take long for the primitive small boy to discover that there are peas in a pod," the Philosopher retorted. "All that science has accomplished in that connection is to break up some of the constituent elements of the atom. You do not understand a flower any better for pulling it to pieces, even if you give the pieces Greek or Latin names. Science is still playing with the rind, fancying that because it is one of the inner layers instead of the outermost, we are that much nearer reality. They have dissected every sheath of every nerve in the human body; they have named every filament of every muscle and blood-vessel, but they know less about *man* than they knew five hundred years ago, and they cannot cure a common cold!"

"They will not be able to do anything with the weather," the Ancient commented, "until they realize that it is man-made; and it will be many a long year before they discover that."

"Please explain that extraordinary statement," our Visitor interjected, not quite sure whether the Ancient had spoken seriously.

"I am tempted to say,—you first," the Ancient replied. "How do *you* explain our unusually trying summer? But, in default of that, Theosophy teaches that physical phenomena are in all cases the precipitation, as it were, from the astral world, of that which has been generated there, chiefly by man's psychic and emotional upheavals. I am using the term 'man' in its most comprehensive sense, allowing always for the action of disincarnated as well as of incarnated humanity, and of men at the two poles of being, representing the highest and best, as well as the most evil, that evolution on this planet has produced. 'The soul is form and doth the bodie make,' as Spenser wrote. All visible things are crystallizations of thought. If you look at the face of a man of fifty or sixty, you can tell without much doubt whether he has lived a life of self-indulgence or self-discipline. You would not question the fact that the present trade depression was man-made, though you could not photograph the causes that brought it about. In the same way with the weather,—it is due to psychic causes, working their way down through different rarefications of matter (astral, etheric and so forth), and through different centres in the earth's 'system', until those causes become visible in terms of physical result."

"Well," said our Visitor, "if that be the explanation, man has certainly made an awful mess of it!"

"He has," the Ancient agreed. "He was wiser in the old days when he prayed to God to manage some of these things for him, the weather included. His appeal in any case reached those Great Souls who are the embodiment of divine compassion, as well as of divine wisdom. Nowadays he thinks that if he himself cannot do it—or his favourite doctor or scientist, as the lineal descendant of the earlier wizard or witch—then there is no one in heaven or hell who can."

"Excuse me," the Student interrupted, "but it is really worse than that, because as soon as a man excels conspicuously in any direction, he is treated as an authority on every imaginable subject, often accepting the popular verdict at its face value. Admiral Dewey took his ships in and out of a Spanish harbour without losing any of them, and became at once the people's choice for President,—some say his own choice also. Tunney won the championship belt with a million or so in spoils, and at once was consulted feverishly, by an army of reporters, about literature, art, pedagogy, the Marine Corps and all else. Einstein, a German Jew and perhaps a great mathematician, as soon as he had become a celebrity produced an opinion on the nature of God which the press of the world jumped at and 'featured' as if it had been proclaimed from a thick cloud on Mount Sinai. He believed, he said, in Spinoza's God, 'not in a God who concerns Himself with the fate and actions of human beings'—rather strange from a mathematician who teaches that the Infinite is contained within the finite! Not long afterwards, when his standing as a world-authority on all subjects had been confirmed during his visit to Hollywood, Einstein branched out with a widely published pronunciamento against the Jugoslav Government, accusing it of the murder of Professor Milan Sufflay, a Croatian,—without a shadow of proof. The mob, reading such stuff, of course concludes that there must be something in it, because Einstein says so,—although, if you were to ask

who 'Einstein' is, in addition to a much-advertized name, I suspect that most of them would guess all the way from 'A famous American who discovered the North Pole', to 'A French tennis player who nearly beat Tilden'. It is the constant repetition of a name, not its connotation, which impresses the mob with a sense of authority."

"True, all true", said the Ancient, "but my point was slightly different. It was that man has set himself up as the supreme intelligence in what he calls practical or mundane affairs. Formerly, when in difficulties, he believed in the possibility of help 'from above'; he appealed for that help, and, when a whole nation prayed, help was often granted: witness the mission of Joan of Arc. To-day, as the constitution of our governments proves, man believes himself to be sufficient, believes himself to be qualified at least to select those who *are* qualified to govern his country and to safeguard its interests. In the early part of 1929, the American people would have said, 'Just look at us: aren't we wonderful!' At present, they would not say that, for their self-satisfaction has been shaken; but they are still a very long way from praying for 'God-instructed men to rule the nations'—least and last their own nation, which necessarily would include themselves."

"So we bungle along", commented the Philosopher, "everyone talking, no one listening, our elected representatives doing all they can to dam this stream and that of natural health-giving readjustment. There is such a huge supply of wheat, cotton, copper and other essential commodities, and they are so cheap, that our 'statesmen' are in despair. Can you imagine the statesmen of a hundred years ago, with a similar despair, from a similar cause! But in those days, wages would have dropped proportionately, while now, wages must not be allowed to drop, because, if they did, how could Labour buy Ford cars and electric flat-irons and radio sets and cosmetics? Yet even this is false reasoning, because the cost of labour enters largely into the production even of a Ford car, especially when you consider the cost of the raw materials which go into the thing; so that, if wages were reduced in proportion to the present price of commodities, a labouring man might be able to buy a Ford for fifty dollars instead of four hundred or so. However, if wages were reduced, the Party in power (whichever Party that might be) would lose some votes, as the logic of the situation is quite beyond the mob. Consequently, wages must be maintained at the highest rate of 'boom' times, and desperate efforts must be made to boost the price of wheat and cotton (there are voters in the South). 'Plough in your cotton', is the latest specific,—an appeal which the grower has not received with enthusiasm, and small wonder.

"My point is that man thinks himself so wise that he can interfere with the law of supply and demand with impunity. He interferes with it in all directions, and often in direct violation of some 'principle' he has invented. Thus, it is no less than a 'principle' that Labour shall be allowed to organize for the avowed purpose of fixing the price of labour, but if manufacturers organize to fix the price of what labour produces, the Federal Trade Commission sends them to gaol. Not only logically, but in ordinary fairness, what is permitted to one

class should be permitted to the other. Labour argues that free competition for employment would reduce the rate of wages; and Labour, representing a great many votes, is listened to by our statesmen with respect. Manufacturers argue that free competition between themselves, particularly at a time like this, means cut-throat competition, making it impossible for any of them to live; but as they represent fewer votes than Labour, they are told that if they do as Labour does, they will go to prison,—the Sherman Act giving spiked effect to the 'principle' that to fix, by agreement, the price of anything, is punishable by Federal law.

"Logically, again, Labour is blind, for it has already almost killed the goose that once laid golden eggs. There are millions of unemployed, we are told (the total probably much exaggerated). But if manufacturers cannot live, and if the government makes it impossible for them to live, how can they employ labour? For instance, the building trade in New York is practically dead; it is unionized root and branch, with wages fixed immovably. Raw materials are cheap, but the price of labour makes the cost of building prohibitive. Inevitably therefore, men in the building trade are unemployed, and literally cannot be employed. Is that sensible? Of course it isn't. It is one of the crowning instances of man-made conditions.

"Please do not misunderstand me. I have no political or economic axe to grind. You will not in any case suspect me of being a candidate for political office! Heaven defend me, for many incarnations, from *that*. No; my sole purpose in calling attention to the absurdity of present methods and measures is to emphasize, following the Ancient, how incapable we are of wisely governing ourselves. I have no panacea. If by some miracle I were put in control of the whole hideous mess, I could only go on my knees and appeal to the divine powers—to the Lodge, to be more explicit—to send someone quickly to tell me what to do; and I know, if I know anything, that no one could be sent now—not for *that* purpose—seeing that any real remedies, based, as they would have to be, on spiritual law, would meet with most bitter and violent hostility. Literally, anyone who attempted to put them in force, would be torn limb from limb,—and the Lodge does not throw its children to the dogs for nothing. Man will not turn from his self-conceit, or accept divine guidance, until he has suffered a thousand times more than he has suffered *yet*. Meanwhile it is our duty to hammer away with the obvious facts, and to do our utmost to bring home to the few who will listen, some sense of humanity's incompetence and need."

"Even the London *Times*", said the Historian, "(and I like to note the occasions when the one-time 'Thunderer' talks sense)—even the London *Times* agrees with you, for the moment, in regard to the law of supply and demand, though of course without any recognition of the fact that that law is an expression of the law of Karma, and without admitting for a moment that what it says of commodities must apply equally to the supply of labour. This is what the *Times* said in a recent editorial:

> "The reason for the acute disequilibrium in supply and demand which has led to the sudden collapse in the price of American cotton

> is not far to seek. It is due principally to the activity of the Federal Farm Board, which has been using a large quantity of government credit to hold surplus stocks off the market in an endeavour to maintain prices instead of permitting free play to natural economic forces. Left to themselves, these might have brought about the necessary equilibrium through reduction in acreage and consequent restriction of the supply.
>
> "Thus once more the bountiful provision of nature is stultified by the attempt of man to control prices of primary commodities by artificial means, with consequences which cannot fail to be exceedingly undesirable. Indeed, various attempts of this nature in the past few years have been applied to so many other important commodities besides cotton, such as wheat, copper, coffee and sugar—to mention only a few—that it may be regarded as one of the principal causes directly responsible for the present world depression. . . . Against such short-sighted, ineffectual efforts to interfere with the working of fundamental laws no monetary system, whatever its basis, can be expected to maintain the general level of prices and avoid a collapse universally admitted to be disastrous."

"Did I understand you to say", our Visitor questioned, "that labour should be treated as a commodity, and that wages should be governed by the law of supply and demand? Surely that would be the equivalent of treating wage-earners like cattle!"

"You must excuse me, my friend," the Historian replied, "but you have missed the point, and are echoing, without thought, the cant of Socialists, Labour agitators, and of parlour-revolutionaries the world over. In the first place, my earnings, like yours, are governed entirely by the law of supply and demand, and I am quite certain you would not have it otherwise. The earnings of all doctors, store-keepers, engineers, of all clerks and 'white-collared' employees, of all executives, bankers and their kind, are determined in the same way. Let me remind you that the alternative would be the complete surrender of your freedom to a committee, which experience has proved would consist of shyster lawyers, whose first interest it would be to feather their own nest, and who would decide for how many hours a day you might work, how much you would be allowed to accomplish during that time, and the remuneration you would be permitted to receive. If you were anxious to make a little extra money for the sake of a delicate wife or child, and were to work on a Saturday afternoon, you would be penalized by your governing committee, and if you were to repeat the offence, you would be expelled from your Union and driven from town.

"But when I said you had missed the point, I was referring to what was very clearly brought out, namely, that the law of supply and demand is an expression of the divine economy; that it governs in the spiritual world without hindrance, and that whenever man interferes with it in the physical world, serious trouble results."

"In what way does it govern in the spiritual world?"

"Whatever light you possess, whether spiritual or intellectual, is the result of your demand for light, because demand creates supply. Masters of Wisdom

are the obedient servants of that law. They give in response to man's demand, and they cannot and will not give otherwise. Demand, remember, implies effort, and not mere asking; it involves payment also,—but that is another story.

"It follows that, instead of 'treating wage-earners like cattle', as you suggested, I was proposing that they should be treated as if they were men; more than that, as if they were souls,—fragments, as it were, of the Oversoul, of which the law of supply and demand is one of many expressions.

"If you will refer to the writings of H. P. B., you will find she had much to say about Cant, and that it is the duty of every Theosophist to hate and expose it,—as she tried to do. The world is so full of Cant to-day that the slime oozes and drips from all its pores,—witness the Lights of the Socialist Government in England, as prize examples. It would not be an exaggeration to say that our entire economic system is based upon cant phrases, and that there is no hope for improvement until people are willing and able to look facts in the face, and to re-examine fearlessly a dozen 'fundamental propositions', not one of which is true, but which are swallowed wholesale by all classes of society, just as, a few hundred years ago, nearly everyone believed automatically that the sun revolved round the earth."

"Will you guarantee that the sun does *not* revolve round the earth?" the Ancient asked, smiling.

"I will not," the Historian answered.

"Then think of a better illustration."

"I leave that to you."

"Don't waste time", the Student protested. "I want to ask the Philosopher whether the logic of his thesis would not lead to international free trade."

"Before you answer that", interjected the Engineer, "let me add one more example of how far we are from *internal* free trade; and I will put it in the form of a question: Why, with wheat selling at 50 cents or lower, does a loaf of bread cost as much as when wheat was selling at $1.50 a bushel!"

"It is an absurd situation", the Philosopher agreed; "but the Student's question takes precedence, and my answer is that we must not express principles narrowly, or turn them into graven images and worship them. Some people imagine, for instance, that 'truthfulness' obliges them to tell all they know, to every one they meet, on every subject. Well; it doesn't. Again, it is a law of life, so to speak, that a man should provide his wife and children with sufficient food, so long as he has money or credit with which to pay for it; but suppose that the neighbourhood in which he lives becomes infested with thugs and bandits: would it not then be his duty to buy a gun, even if, in order to pay for it, he and his family had to deprive themselves of all but bare necessities for a considerable time? It is not that there can be exceptions to the application of a principle, but that it is important to state a principle with sufficient breadth. Thus, it is not a principle that a man should supply his family daily with meat, butter and fresh fruit, but, instead, that he shall do his utmost to perform the functions of Brahmâ, Vishnu and Shîva in one, as creator and energizer, sustainer and preserver, restrainer and scapegoat, or the 'sacrifice', of his family.

"That the law of supply and demand should govern the commercial life of a nation, exteriorly as well as interiorly, with the least possible interference by a Government, I believe to be essential to national 'health'; but I also believe that of far greater importance than its commercial prosperity is its continued existence, and that one of the first duties of a Government is to prepare in every way for defence in case of invasion. With that in view, and taking France as my illustration, I should say that she ought to be made self-dependent, by which I mean that, in the event of war, she ought not to rely upon imports for the necessaries of life or of warfare, because she might then be physically isolated, as England nearly was during the World War. This means that she should be able to produce enough food, clothing, coal, steel, explosives, chemicals and so forth, to supply her needs, whenever, in self-defence, she might be obliged to go to war, and that she should be able to do this from her own internal resources. Obviously, that self-dependent condition could not be extemporized while a war was in progress. If I were in control of France to-day, and were convinced that Nature had not supplied her with sources from which to make gasoline, it would clearly be my duty to see to it that an alcoholic or other substitute were provided in sufficient quantity during times of peace to provide for every need in the event of war. It would be criminal to trust to luck, and to 'hope' that it would continue to be possible to import crude oil or gasoline from America or Russia. Further, partly for mechanical and partly for manufacturing reasons, one could not switch from the use of gasoline to some substitute, overnight. Consequently it might be necessary to forbid the importation of gasoline in times of peace, or in any case to impose so high a duty on its importation as to make its use almost prohibitive. It would be necessary to adopt a similar policy in connection with other essentials, so as to insure home production. England at the present time, in spite of her experience during the World War, could be starved to death in three months, once she were to lose control of the seas. She is gambling that America would 'see her through'; that the American fleet would never be used against that of England,—stupidly, incredibly blind to the fact that if this country, in 1915, had had a 'parity' fleet at its disposal, it could, and probably would have been worked up into a frenzy of rage over what the Administration chose to regard as England's unwarrantable interference with American ships, carrying supplies to Germany. We came within an ace of war with England then; and now, in similar circumstances, but with a fleet which on paper in any case is as large as England's, I do not see how it could be prevented. In other words, England would be absolutely at this country's mercy. If any Englishman enjoys the prospect, he is welcome to his shame; and if England does not grow wheat on every available acre, because it is cheaper to buy wheat grown in America or the Argentine, or because of her Free Trade 'principles', and chooses to shut her eyes to the danger that confronts her,—I can only say that, in my opinion, she is making a colossal blunder. It is not a political question in the least. Theosophy teaches us to reason by analogy. Clearly, the adequate protection of one's home, and of those dear to one, is more important than any other external factor in life. The same thing is true of a nation. If I were

a Frenchman, I should be glad to pay half my income in taxes, either direct or indirect, if by so doing I could make reasonably certain that Germany would not again be able to overrun French territory, and I should regard it as the primary duty of my Government to insure the country that degree of protection. In fact, if Germany were to repeat her recent performance through any failure of my Government to provide against it, I should do my best to decorate the lamp-posts along the rue de la Paix with the carcasses which belonged there,—including those of 'statesmen' who had placed their trust in promises and in 'scraps of paper'."

Quoth the Recorder at this point: "You are dealing with a subject that might be discussed interminably. We can leave it to our readers to thrash the rest of it out, among themselves. You have provided them with problems enough! Time flies. What is there to say about Germany's threatened bankruptcy?"

"I protest!" the Student exclaimed. "He must at least make some constructive suggestion that we can tear to pieces at our leisure. Don't let him escape with generalities!"

The Philosopher laughed. "Very well", he said. "First, cut out Government interference. We are bound to have a fool Government, considering how and by whom it is elected, and the less a fool Government does, the better. As it is, it interferes in every direction, always with dire results. For instance: if I were to inherit railroad bonds or stock, I should sell them in any sort of market for whatever they would fetch, simply because the railroads in this country are at the mercy of our politicians, and, instead of being allowed to manage their own affairs, are slaves of the Government. Second, abolish the Income Tax, which costs millions to collect, and which is inquisitorial and corrupting, and, in lieu thereof, raise the necessary revenue by increasing the taxes on tobacco (I smoke!), on cosmetics and a few other superfluities, and impose a five-cent stamp tax on all cheques. Third, prohibit the expenditure of any public funds unless for the benefit of all classes equally. No one has a right to select my charities for me, or to use my money to boost the price of grain, cotton or any other commodity for the alleged but more than doubtful benefit of one section of the community. Fourth, and quite impossible, imbue people with the conviction that natural law is divine law; that its violation is not sanctified because Congress is the agent, but that all the hosts of heaven are outraged when it happens, instinctively uniting to 'make the punishment fit the crime', which means, really, to heal the wound caused by man's desecrating hands. . . . There, I must surely have supplied enough to satisfy the Student's demand! Now for Germany"—and the Philosopher turned to the Historian, who, as we knew, had been following the international situation closely, and who, furthermore, had come prepared for the occasion. Taking a number of newspaper cuttings from his pocket, he said:

"At the end of the last 'Screen', a letter from Frank H. Simonds, the American war correspondent, was quoted *in extenso* from the London *Times*. As a result of personal investigation he declared: 'Henceforth, every German Government will demand as the price of co-operation with other European countries the

revision of the eastern frontiers, Anschluss, parity in armament, which means to-day rearmament, and, finally, the abolition of Reparations.' How any intelligent person could have failed, long ago, to arrive at the same conclusion, is beyond me.

"While the July QUARTERLY was being printed, President Hoover published his plan for a suspension of Reparation payments, to save Germany from bankruptcy. Will Rogers, who calls himself a clown but who is occasionally something of a sage (unlike Bernard Shaw, who poses as a sage but is entirely clown, dull at that)—Will Rogers, on June 22nd wrote in comment: 'If we ever pass as a great nation, we ought to put on our tombstone, "America died from a delusion that she had moral leadership" '. This comment may have reached Washington, for on June 24th 'officials of the Commerce Department' gave out a statement that 'total investments of American capital in Germany' amounted to approximately two billion, five hundred million dollars, about half of that total having been invested in German Government and municipal bonds. This threw a slightly different light on the 'moral leadership' idea, as Germany had flatly announced that she could not pay her debts.

"Little by little it came out that certain of the leading New York banks had made short-term loans to Germany, which now were 'frozen', and Lord Beaverbrook, in a published interview, stated that these short-term loans amounted to $600,000,000. Then it came out that London also had been lending enormous sums to Germany. M. Laval, the French Premier, told the bald but unwelcome truth: for several years past, he said, the City of London had been taking the cheap money of French and other foreign clients to place it at a much higher rate of interest with German banks.

"France did not welcome the Hoover Plan with enthusiasm. She went so far as to dare to criticize it. New York and London, with few exceptions, frothed at the mouth. The usual Senators frothed likewise. For several weeks, nothing was too bad to say about France; she was the international Shylock and worse. 'Borah sees France Endangering Peace', 'Smoot Denounces France', 'Wagner' (at the annual picnic of the Niagara County Pioneers' Association) 'Wagner Attacks France's Stand,' the *New York Times* announced in large headlines."

"Excuse me for interrupting you," interjected the Onlooker at this point, "but who are these funny little men who strut and bawl, and who take themselves so seriously, as if they were real? Should not someone tell them that they are just part of the nightmare, and that presently they will disappear—simply disappear, without leaving so much as a wraith?"

"You must not be disrespectful to our Great Men", the Historian answered, with mock severity. "However, to resume: the New York newspapers, to preserve an appearance of impartiality, printed a few extracts from the French press. Feeling ran so high at the time, that I doubt if many people read them. If they did, the usual comment would have been, 'Hypocrites!' or 'Liars!' Here are one or two. *La Liberté* was quoted to the effect that Germany having been freed for nearly a year from the presence of French troops on the Rhine, and from all the guarantees formerly imposed by the Allies, might conceivably

have decided that the hour had struck for getting rid of the Versailles treaty. In that case, 'ask yourself, would Germany have acted otherwise than she has during the past two weeks?' The *Journal des Débats* hinted that French money was wanted 'to save English and American capital which has been risked in big German industries', and shrewdly added: 'Germany has discovered that the best means of pressure is to have large debts. She has found that this procedure endears her to those who do not wish to lose their money'. M. de Jouvenel, in the French Senate, was reported to have said that what amazed Frenchmen was that there should be deliberate confusion as to the cause of Germany's financial collapse. 'Out of a total revenue of 21,000,000,000 marks, Germany paid only 1,000,000,000 for reparations. Her national wealth in the past ten years, he asserted, had increased more than that of any other European country.' He might well have added that Germany had deliberately squandered her wealth, *and the huge sums she had borrowed*, partly on secret military preparations, hidden, though easily discoverable, in her published budgets, and partly on the most extravagant programme of 'Public improvements' which Europe has ever witnessed,—though many of these, including her railroad developments, had military purposes in view. He might have explained further that this was the third time Germany, in recent years, had deliberately brought herself to the verge of bankruptcy, having found, on the two previous occasions, that she could thus obtain radical modifications of the terms and amounts of her Reparation and other payments to the Allies. This was indicated by *Le Temps*, possibly in indirect reply to an appeal by the London *News Chronicle*,—for some of the London papers, having discovered that abuse accomplished nothing, had become almost pathetic in their entreaties. This particular appeal had declared that 'France could now realize, by one dramatic stroke, the principal aim of all intelligent French policy, which is real friendship with Germany. Let her [France] come forward now, freely and unconditionally, and deliver the German people from the appalling menace which threatens them, and she will secure a guarantee such as no treaty can ever give her and no number of army corps ever enforce. She will stand out before the world and before Germany as the nation which saved Germany from destruction and which had the breadth of mind and generosity of temper to do so, asking nothing in return.' "

"Don't read much more of that kind of thing", said the Student; "I can't stand it! Shades of Bismarck: how he would laugh! And the idiot who wrote it was probably in deadly earnest,—pale with emotion."

"In any case," the Historian continued, immovably, "*Le Temps* pointed out that, 'what is being asked is really a miracle in that what is required is the re-establishment of faith in a country that has already deliberately prepared its own bankruptcy on two occasions, and which to-day, on the brink of an abyss, hesitates to take the necessary engagements for the future.' *Le Temps* added that Germany could not well expect the French 'to be so simple-minded as to place their money in Germany, when the citizens of Germany, like those of the United States, have been feverishly engaged in trying to send their own money out of the country.'

"A few, a very few voices were raised in England and America on the side of reason. London *Punch* had an admirable cartoon by Bernard Partridge, picturing a prosperous-looking French bourgeois, gazing quizzically at a German in dilapidated clothes, out of whose tail-pocket protruded a large document labelled 'Battleship Programme', and who was saying to the Frenchman, 'Won't you please help me? As you see, I'm destitute.' Lord Beaverbrook, already quoted—one of England's *enfants terribles*, but, like many children of that kind, one who occasionally blurts out the facts—Lord Beaverbrook, in an interview, declared that, 'England has so extensively committed herself to German financing that she is in the position of the creditor being ordered about by the debtor. The same situation applies to the United States. The main trouble to-day is that these short-term credits are not being paid. London and New York are staggering under the load. They are finding it very difficult to bear.' Colonel Robert R. McCormick of Chicago, returning from Europe, provided a refreshing breeze by stating bluntly that the Conference of Ministers in London was 'a waste of time'. 'What Germany has to learn how to do', he continued, 'is to live within her income. If I were to live beyond my income, I wonder who would step forward and suggest that I should have a year's moratorium.' He concluded by saying that France, 'financially, industrially, physically and in every way,' 'is on top of the world.' Some of us blessed him for his commonsense and courage,—for it needed courage, at that time, to proclaim such unpalatable truths. We felt the same way about Frank H. Simonds, who spoke at Williamstown before the Institute of Politics, and who summed up his exhaustive analysis of the European situation with the statement that 'we are just as clearly anti-French now as we were in the World War anti-German'.

"Meanwhile, an isolated German, here and there, blundered, perhaps through too much faith in 'strong-arm' tactics. In the *Washington Times* of July 11th, a copy of which was sent me by a friend, a certain Herr Doktor, with all sorts of qualifications, admitted not a little, in an interview deemed worthy of 'bold-face' type. He said:

" 'President Hoover's proposal of a one-year moratorium on international debts and German reparation payments anticipated a more drastic step by Germany by exactly six weeks. The step contemplated by Germany was not a mere moratorium, but repudiation of further reparation payments—a step which President Hoover's proposal, for the time being at least, forestalled.'

"He amplified his statement thus:

" 'While the proposal is for a one-year moratorium, it is conceded, of course, in American official circles that an extension, a year hence, is inevitable. Furthermore, whatever the length of the recess, Germany is practically certain eventually to repudiate further reparation payments entirely. I make these statements, not as a matter of guess work. I make them because I know them to be true.'

"He was asked:

" 'But how can Germany, under the Versailles treaty, be in position to back up such a stand?'

"The Herr Doktor laughed:

" 'Oh, you mean she's disarmed? Why believe in that fiction? Her first weapon, of course, is a threat, whether real or fictional, of a Communist revolution and open union with Soviet Russia. But she has more militant weapons. Germany will be in position, if she is not at this minute in position, to say to France the equivalent of what we call over here, "Try and get it". Perhaps France would try—doubtless would. But she would find at once she had to fight Russia, too, and perhaps Italy.'

"That the existing commercial treaties between Germany and Russia are, in reality, equally treaties of alliance in case of war, was another assertion made by this not uncommon type of German, who declared himself to be intimately informed on numerous Russo-German military activities now mutually engaged in by the two countries.

"He said:

" 'There are 9,000 German officers in the Russian army. The Krupps are manufacturing war munitions in Moscow, and the manufacture is going on day and night. Thousands of armoured trucks and tractors, currently used in Germany for commercial purposes, are convertible into war tanks within 60 hours. But the most important activities are in the fields of aviation and chemistry. Commercial aviation is greatly advanced in Germany, and in Russia, too, for that matter—but in this advance, the thought of airplane use in war is far from secondary. And as for chemistry—the Germans and Russians are working unremittingly on war gas and war flame in Soviet-owned laboratories.' "

"No German," interjected the Student, "would have talked like that in Washington, if he had not felt that many Washingtonians would listen sympathetically."

The Historian agreed, and then added: "France is strangely misjudged in America; yet all that is needed in order to understand French policy, both now and for many years to come, is the realization that *what France desires above all else is security*. She wants to secure herself against aggression, and, if possible, to insure peace. That is fundamental, and controls every move she makes. . . . But I should like to conclude my story:—

"Next came the threatened financial collapse of England, caused by the follies of the Socialist Government, with its ever-mounting Dole and other 'charities by Act of Parliament', but precipitated at the moment by the sudden 'freezing' of Bank loans to Germany,—loans made possible by the astonishing blindness of English financiers to Germany's real condition and motives. Today, as everyone knows, a Coalition Government has been formed, composed of the men who were primarily responsible for the disaster, but with the Conservative and Liberal leaders added, to give the others aid and comfort! This new Government having been formed for the avowed purpose of reducing expenditure to the limits of income, a $500,000,000 credit has been promised, half to be provided by the French, and half by a group of American banks headed by that of Morgan (whose bank was *not* one of those which lent money to Germany). And there the matter rests. There is a lull in the cursing of France,—a lull which will cease as soon as America resumes its campaign for 'disarmament',

because, as Mr. Simonds has clearly shown, America is not asking for parallel disarmament 'of purpose and policy' from Germany, the consequence being that France will be compelled once more to criticize and oppose this country's 'moral leadership' (of the same kind as before).

"There is just a chance, of course, that a glimmer of common sense will filter through before it is too late, and that a saner view of the situation will finally reach Washington. A voice is still raised in protest occasionally. James W. Gerard, Ambassador to Germany until America floundered into the War,—returning from a visit to Europe, is reported by *The New York Times* (September 18th) to have 'declared that Germany did not need any financial assistance, and that a large percentage of the loans from the United States was lent to Russia', to enable the Soviet to buy from Germany.

"'The German nation', said Mr. Gerard, 'is apparently making bankruptcy pay. It is high time that American bankers started helping their own country, and stopped lending money to Germany. Since the conclusion of the Versailles Treaty, Germany has paid out ten billion marks in reparations, and has received eighteen billion marks in public and private loans, so that she is eight billion marks ahead.'

"Following the Gerard interview, the same newspaper, on September 19th, reported that Ambassador Hugh Gibson had stated in Brussels that 'only two per cent of Germany's budget was devoted to payment of War debts, whereas twenty-four per cent was being spent on armaments.'

"But these are voices crying to ears nearly all of which are deaf. They have spoken before, and no one has heard them. . . .

"Does not my recital once more make it sufficiently evident that the world is in desperate need of 'God-instructed men to rule the nations'?"

"If you wait for that, you will wait for ever", said our Visitor, dryly.

"Not necessarily", the Historian answered. "Even Atheists have been known to pray when they knew they were drowning."

"But meanwhile", our Visitor persisted, "if you people feel so strongly about these matters, why don't you get down into the arena and take an active part in politics, both national and international?"

"Because it is not the mission of The Theosophical Society to do so, but, instead, to 'preserve the ancient land-marks', to keep burning and unsullied the Light which has been entrusted to us by the custodians of the ancient Wisdom Religion and their agents, the Light which illumines all religions and all subjects, and which mankind needs more than food or clothing. Because—to carry my answer a step further—because we believe that thoughts are things which can be made dynamic, and that, in the long run, it is the invisibles and imponderables that control; because, finally, this country, at present, is governed by its emotions, greed included; is governed by talk and noise; and because, on the plane of talk, there is universal competition, with no listeners, as already remarked, while there is no competition whatever on the plane of honest and reasonably clear thinking.

"We did get down into the arena, as you express it, though not politically, at

the time of the World War; but conditions then were different. Then, officially ordered to be neutral 'in thought and act', we protested to all who would listen that neutrality was a shame and a disgrace, and gave our reasons and proved that we were right. That was a simple issue. What is the issue to-day? There are a hundred issues, all springing from man's refusal to look facts in the face and to recognize his own insufficiency. Capable of supernatural heroism in times of war—rising then to heights of nobility almost beyond belief, filling one with reverence and awe—as readers of 'War Memories' must agree—man, in times of peace, is no better than a lunatic-at-large, incapable of reason whenever that requires detachment from his personal desires and feelings, the destroyer of himself through his own misplaced conceit."

Then, noticing that our Visitor looked puzzled, the Historian added: "Misplaced, because centred in his mind and personality, the instrument he ought to control. If he were to have 'a good conceit of himself' *in spite of* his personal limitations—which make him in fact a prisoner in a cage—and *because of* the divine possibilities which lie latent within him; if he were to begin to realize that the world in which he lives, instead of being the real world, is only a world of shadows, the distorted reflection of beauties he cannot see, of an order he cannot imagine; if he would condescend even to theorize about the existence of Great Souls among the denizens of that world, and of their participation in the affairs of this, and were to desire, just a little, that 'the Kingdom of His righteousness' might appear,—then, absolutely anything might happen, for man would have opened the door which he now holds shut. As it is, he prefers to impose his own idea of righteousness, this way and that—a Communistic idea in one place, Socialistic in another, and 'Capitalistic-Charity-by-Act-of-Congress' idea in a third—with confusion worse confounded every time he talks, which he never ceases to do."

"I am glad you spoke of the War", commented the Ancient. "I doubt whether in all the history of the world, the great Western Master has been as happy as during that time of man's magnificence; for nearly all those men of unbroken and unbreakable heart were his children, and his joy and pride in them must have been passionate and intense. Also, he had it in his power, as soon as they were 'dead', to reward them marvellously and to their everlasting wonder, and inasmuch as he is human, his joy in that must have been very great. His children! Many of them had seemed so utterly graceless—though *he* had known better. Then their day came, and they proved and redeemed themselves. I like to think that some Eastern Master, responsible for a gentler race, turned and looked and almost envied him their promise—and perhaps said so. . . . In fact", the Ancient continued after a pause, "I believe that did happen. I hope and pray it will happen again."

T.

Living Philosophies, by Twenty-Two Representative Modern Thinkers; Simon and Schuster, New York, 1931; price, $2.50.

The enthusiastic publisher tells us that "here we have a meeting of Titans, who bare their souls and question their deepest faiths and passions." A cynic might suggest that a twenty-third Titan was needed to complete the symposium,—namely Prometheus, who tried to endow man with wisdom. However, even without Prometheus, it is a very intellectual party, including among others, Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, H. G. Wells, H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser, Irving Babbitt, and Hilaire Belloc.

All of the essays in *Living Philosophies* are interesting, if only because they offer actual evidence of the dark night through which the modern world is passing. The men and women who have here undertaken to "bare their souls", are all notable for their amiable intentions, but most of them leave an impression that they have not the least idea of what it is all about. Hilaire Belloc, with his uncompromising Catholic dogmatism, is an exception, but unfortunately a very irritating one. In fact, the reader is driven to use one author as a counter-irritant to another. One takes refuge from Hilaire Belloc in Bertrand Russell, and vice versa.

It would seem that one common quality pervades the thought of the majority of these thinkers. They are quite unreasonably optimistic and cheerful about themselves and about nature,—and this is as true of Einstein as of George Jean Nathan. They are optimistic, although most of them doubt or deny the existence of anything corresponding to an immortal soul in man, and although all but a few question the possibility that there is a divine substratum of nature, or that, if this exist, it is in any sense discoverable. Their general point of view is materialistic, in so far as they conceive man to be an accidental or mechanically determined product of vast, inanimate reactions within the "body" of a vague entity which they usually call Nature.

Ancient materialists seem to have been very gloomy people, whose chief consolation for being alive was that, if the worst came to the worst, they could commit suicide. They were both more consistent and less sentimental than the moderns. However, they lived before Lord Bacon and *The New Atlantis*.

Since Bacon's time, men have dreamed of a future Golden Age which will be brought into being through the advancement of scientific knowledge. Nothing could be more shapeless and unsubstantial than the idea of "progress" toward some scientific Utopia, but it evidently suggests a desirable goal to many individuals, and it stimulates their emotions. We find men who would describe themselves as hard-headed positivists, affirming their faith that science is an instrument devised by the evolutionary process to make man as happy as it is possible for him to be. If they reasoned a little more carefully, they might perceive that the course of our actual industrial civilization illustrates the normal reaction of the human animal to every increase of scientific knowledge. One wonders whether a few more years of such "progress" will lead to Utopia or to Bedlam.

Irving Babbitt is the only contributor who has squarely faced the problem which confronts our century. It is the same which has confronted other centuries, the immemorial problem of the dual nature of man. Unlike most "representative modern thinkers", he does not be-

lieve that science can ever liberate man from the evils which are generated by the misuse of the human will, for these evils can only be removed by the exercise of a higher faculty of the will, which is dormant in most men. Thus, in this era of self-expression, he preaches a doctrine of self-restraint. "One cannot insist too often", he writes, "that 'the immortal essence presiding like a king over man's appetites', is transcendent, set above 'nature', not only in Rousseau's sense, but also in the sense which is given to the term by the man of science" (p. 131). S. V.

The Flood: New Light On An Old Story, by Professor Harold Peake; London, Kegan Paul; 6*s*.

This book is a sign of the times in three respects: 1) it was called forth by wide-spread popular interest in archæological discoveries and their relation to Bible stories; 2) it rests upon a series of so-called "scientific" assumptions, the fallacies of which Theosophy has consistently exposed, but to which science as consistently clings; and 3) it reveals anew how far the traditional Biblical dating regarding the eras before Christ still "cramps, cabins, and confines" the modern historical writer. To students of *The Secret Doctrine* the book is full of interest, partly because it gives a succinct summary of the most notable Flood legends and surviving written accounts, together with modern interpretations of them in the light of the very latest facts revealed by the spade; and also because it demonstrates (quite unconsciously, of course) the imperative need for Theosophy and a theosophical understanding in order correctly to write either true history or true science. Madame Blavatsky tells us in *The Glossary* (s. v. Samvartta Kalpa) that the Fifth Root Race (ours) has in all "sixty-four" cataclysms periodically, "fifty-six by fire, seven by water, and one small Kalpa by winds, or cyclones." Our Fifth Race began about one million years ago. The Fourth Root Race, the Atlanteans, overlapped the Fifth; for the *S. D.* tells us that the great series of cataclysms which submerged Atlantis began "several million years ago" (II. 314n.); but that "the famous island of *Ruta* and the smaller one Daitya" were destroyed similarly "850,000 years ago in the later Pliocene times" (ibid.),—the latter island, however, not being completely submerged until "about 270,000 years ago" (I. 651); while the last remnant, the small island known as Poseidonis, went under "just 11,446" years ago (*The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, new and revised edition, p. 155), or B. C. 9,564. Lemuria was blown up by submarine volcano some 700,000 years before Atlantis began to go down (*Mah. Let.*, p. 151; *S. D.*, II. 433n.). Moreover, our "Fifth Race (the non-initiated portions), hearing of many deluges, confused them, and now know of but one. This one altered the whole aspect of the globe in its interchange and shifting of land and sea" (*S. D.*, II. 139, 40, 41).

In the light of this array of Floods, extending back over thousands, running into millions, of years, the newly found evidences for a local deluge in Mesopotamia have only relative interest. Throughout Professor Peake's discussion, it is almost comic to discover that such phrases as "of a great antiquity" or "at a very early age", still relate to "about 4000 B. C." (p. 43), though a daring English writer, "Mr. Campbell Thompson, has suggested 5000 B. C." (p. 44); while a French savant, M. de Morgan, once suggested 18,000 B. C. for the pre-Flood settlement of Susa, but before his death retreated to 5000-4500 B. C. owing to the united pressure of his colleagues (p. 71). Chapter V, however, is of great interest, and deals with "The Royal Lists", two more having very recently been found corresponding with the famous one of Berosus, quoted by Eusebius. Berosus' figures total 432,000 years, almost proving that he was an Initiate, and indeed, he tells us that he derived his knowledge from Ea, the "male-female deity of Wisdom" (*S. D.*, II. 115). The new lists, which do not agree, and unite only in recording certain names in common, total 251,200 and 455,800 years respectively; while the "Weld-Blundell prism" mentions the Deluge specifically, records dynasties lasting 241,200 years before the Flood, and, "like the tablets from Nippur, enumerates all the kings that had ruled Mesopotamia from that time until the date at which the tablets were written" (p. 55). Since anthropologists to-day constantly talk of man's terrestrial existence in terms of a million years, it is a pity that a sister science still exercises all its ingenuity to foreshorten such priceless records within the compass of 5000 years. Fortunately, the difficulties this has presented are becoming so manifest that signs of a welcome reaction are at hand, because even by call-

ing years, months, and devising the most complicated overlapping, all the known facts—successive cities built and destroyed upon one another, etc.—cannot be crowded into so short a time. Professor Peake writes: "Those who advocate the greatest amount of such overlap, thereby reducing the date of the First Dynasty of Ur [the first after the Flood, and said by the tablets to have lasted 24,510 years, 3 months, and 3 days], have implied that the shorter the chronology the more scientific and critical is its exponent, and have thus affected the minds of the students to such a degree that competition is arising as to who can put forward the shortest possible scheme. The really scientific ideal, however, is neither to aim at the shortest or longest chronological scheme possible, but to advance an hypothesis that will most nearly fit all the facts that are at the moment available. Until, however, some general agreement on this point has been achieved, it will be impossible to fix, even with approximation, the date of the Flood with any degree of finality" (pp. 60-61). This recognition at once of bias and incompleteness, is itself promising, as is also the fact that the actual inscriptions have verified at least the names appearing in these ancient lists to such an extent that "most writers now agree that, except for the number of years that the kings are said to have reigned, they may be considered substantially as history" (p. 77). Perhaps the day is not so far off when historians will re-examine such statements as those of Martianus Capella (*c.* A. D. 500), who wrote that the Egyptians had secretly studied astronomy for over 40,000 years, and of Diogenes Laertius (IIIrd cent.) that they had kept astronomical calculations for 48,863 years before Alexander the Great (Proem, 2), and of Simplicius (VIth cent.) that he had always heard that they kept astronomical records for the last 630,000 years.

This little book is very clearly and simply written by an expert who is an enthusiast, and whose zest is, therefore, catching. It is full of fascinating information, highly significant to students of Theosophy; and no one could quarrel with its closing sentence: "There are, however, still problems to be solved regarding The Flood." B. A.

Mount Zion, by Gwendolen Greene; J. M. Dent and Sons, 1929; price, 7*s.* 6*d.*

This book will appeal to those who love Beauty,—its title taken from a verse of the Psalms, "Out of Zion hath God appeared, in perfect beauty". The author is a niece of the late Baron Friedrich von Hügel, whose work as philosopher and thinker has been noticed more than once in the QUARTERLY. In 1928, Mrs. Greene published, under the title of *Letters to a Niece*, a collection of her uncle's letters, which form a very interesting record of spiritual direction, with a direct influence on the book under review. The Baron had a wide and deep understanding of the needs of human nature; to this niece who came to him for advice on the spiritual life, and whose own inclination was towards the devotional aspect of religion, he advised a thorough course of serious reading,—classical literature and philosophy, ancient history, early Christian writings.

The writer is possessed by a sense of the beauty of the Presence of God and expresses this in her book: "I believe we can see beauty in everything but sin,—in poverty, in austerity, in sacrifice and renunciation". Students of Theosophy, who are inclined to be reticent in their use of the term "God", will find in these pages frequent and almost familiar allusions to the Deity. Possibly they would choose to express it as the Self, the Eternal, as in the *Gîta* when Krishna speaks: "I am taste in the waters, light in moon and sun, sound in the ether and manhood in men". The thought is the same, and its practical application is in the realization of the Presence in daily life,—"truly prayer becomes our life."

In more than one passage the author shows her debt to Greek thought, as she approached it through the philosophy of Plato and of Plotinus, and studied it in the writings of St. Paul, teacher of the Greeks. Something of their liberty of spirit is reflected in her work; she sees a "continual necessity for a new conversion in every soul, for we are ever making ourselves chains". That necessity is especially urgent in these days of material cares and worldly comforts: "our souls are more and more imprisoned in our mechanical inventions". In the beauty of countryside and open spaces, she finds deep joy and serenity, yet her devotional spirit is ever virile and positive; for her, religion is "no comfortable sitting-place; it is a sword". Christ is to be found in "austerity of life". In him the soul finds her rest: "we fly to Him as a

bird flies to the silent hills". Through all her writing there breathes a rhythm and harmony which is full of repose.

The book will be a delight to those who, loving God's countryside, yet have to live in the cities of men; it might be recommended as an invigorating tonic to any who have moments of gloom or despondency; to many it will bring refreshment and joy. Truly, a beautiful book. S. C.

The Magic and Mysteries of Mexico, by Lewis Spence; David McKay Co., Philadelphia, 1931; price, $6.00.

Mr. Spence has written not only a monumental work on the *Gods of Mexico*, but also *The Mysteries of Egypt* and *The Mysteries of Britain*. One would think him well fitted to explain something of the symbols and allegories of Mexico and Central America.

From the archæological standpoint he is no doubt competent to do so. Unfortunately, learned and conscientious as he is, Mr. Spence has no idea of the deeper significance of the Mysteries of any country. The gigantic shadow of Sir James Frazer lies over him like a fog, and the hopeful student of Theosophy finds himself confronted with such a statement as: "Probably after a long career as a fetish, obsidian at last became personalized or deified, just as grain achieved a personality as Osiris or 'John Barleycorn'". Just as dry as a bale of hay, and food for jackasses.

However, he has gathered together a wealth of material from scattered sources inaccessible to the average reader, and his book will be of value to any one interested in the Mystery Religions, or in the great civilizations of Pre-Columbian America. When he has read it, the inquirer will be well informed as to the facts so far discovered, but the inner meaning of the Mysteries of Mexico will remain just as mysterious. St. C. L. D.

Philosophical Poems of Henry More, edited with an Introduction and Notes by Geoffrey Bullough, M. A.; Manchester University Press, 1931; edition limited to 450 copies; price, 25*s*.

In her list of representative Kabalists given in the *Glossary*, H. P. Blavatsky includes Henry More, while she quotes him several times approvingly in *Isis* as "neither an alchemist, magician, nor astrologer, but simply a great philosopher, . . . shrewd logician, scientist, and metaphysician" (I. 205). The editor of this new and attractive edition of selections of his poems, feels "that something less than justice had been done to Henry More's poetry", and therefore he undertakes to edit and elucidate the philosophy and theology of the "Psychozoia" (Life of the Soul), a long and early poem, and of all the minor and occasional pieces. In his Introduction he traces sympathetically and skilfully More's intellectual development; his love for, and debt to, Spenser; his break with Calvinistic theology and whole-hearted delight in Plato, Plotinus and the neo-Platonists; and his conversion after reading the *Theologica Germanica*, until, in 1647 (More was born in 1614), a definitive collection of his poems was published, and More confined himself to writing prose. From then on, Mr. Bullough has no use for Henry More. Because "his belief in divine inspiration grew", therefore: "From this time, he became increasingly hostile to Cartesianism, engrossed in spiritualism and irrational theosophy, and controversial in his attitude to Catholicism" (p. lxxviii). The editor characterizes F. M. Van Helmont, with whom More corresponded, as "an erudite charlatan, son of the great chemist" (p. lxxix); and consistent with this view-point, he omits to publish More's mystical poems on "The Immortality of the Soul", "The Præ-existency of the Soul", and others, as, for practical purposes, intellectual by-products and worthless. It is a sign of the times that a modern defender of More should resort to such exclusion. For the student of Theosophy, therefore, this volume stops at just the point where the greatest interest begins. It is unfortunate that almost the whole of modern scholarship is bound by such limitations—its vision held by a real lack of understanding, sometimes due to confounding the counterfeit with the real, and strangely convinced that the elect of a wise old world must resolutely and at long last outgrow childish superstitions.

Within the limits set, however, this volume is of genuine interest and helpfulness in tracing More's literary background, and in demonstrating that his poems should be read as More

intended that they should be read—as matter for "Deep searching thoughts often renewed" —that is, for the beauty of their philosophy rather than for any courtly polish in their diction.

G. A.

The Book of the Damned, by Charles Fort; Boni and Liveright, New York, 1919.
New Lands, by Charles Fort; Boni and Liveright, New York, 1923.
Lo! by Charles Fort; Claude Kendall, New York, 1931; price, $2.50.

Mr. Fort has recorded some extraordinary events which are said to have occurred during the past hundred years,—falls of organic matter from the sky, "poltergeist" phenomena, instances of bleeding images, strange lights on the moon, etc., etc. In every case, he has given his "sources"; and it is astonishing how often he found the choicest morsels buried among the pages of the most respectable scientific journals.

However, these three books are not merely collections of mystery stories. Mr. Fort uses his material to point a moral. It is not the moral which a conventional mind might expect. Mr. Fort does not tell us how credulous a person must be to believe in poltergeists. On the contrary, he calls attention to the mental inertia of the scientists who classify his data as "old wives' tales", because they cannot explain them in terms of their preconceptions.

Scientists do not even try to explain such things as bleeding images. They assume some trickery or sleight-of-hand, or they deny the evidence, or they ignore it. They act as if science were a vested interest entrusted to their protection. Like all dogmatists, they instinctively reject every record of a fact which does not accord with their hard and fast standards as to what a fact ought to be. Mr. Fort dislikes intellectual hypocrisy, and, finding this quality prevalent in the scientific world, he attacks the Brahmins of science with every resource of logic and wit which he can muster. Incidentally, his books provide some of the best literary recreation that one can expect to find in a century which has almost forgotten the art of real satire. His sense of humour is altogether *sui generis*, but it belongs to the grand tradition of Aristophanes and Rabelais.

It may be argued that his work is primarily destructive, but there is a place in nature for destructive agents. As a matter of fact, he is not wholly bent on destruction. He doubts, or appears to doubt, the heliocentric theory, but he offers an alternative cosmology. It is true that this cosmology is admirably devised to horrify orthodox astronomers. Nevertheless, its central idea is serious enough in its essence, even though it is expressed in figures of speech which are often the reverse of serious. Mr. Fort suggests, as a working hypothesis for astronomers, the concept that the system, of which our planet is the centre, is a developing organism, corresponding in its development to the embryo chick within its protecting shell.

It is, however, scarcely likely that the astronomers will condescend to borrow a working hypothesis from Charles Fort. It is more convenient for them to treat him as they treat the phenomena he records,—that is, either to deny his existence or to ignore him. S. V. L.

Mère Marie of the Ursulines, by Agnes Repplier; published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York; price, $2.50.

The sub-title of this book, "A Study in Adventure", tells us before we open it, what we may expect, and having begun to read, we soon become victims of its contagious spirit—the spirit of frontier life. The picture which Miss Repplier draws with that clever, facile pen of hers—the picture of life in "New France" in the seventeenth century—is vivid and absorbingly interesting; at times most diverting, since there is a lightness of touch and a flashing sense of humour which relieves what, of necessity, is often dark and forbidding, as one side of frontier life is almost sure to be. Quebec was little more than a settlement in those days, and a very primitive settlement at that; the surrounding country infested by Indians, even the Hurons being none too friendly or reliable; the Iroquois "not men" but "wolves". Into this rude land, where the Jesuit missionaries had preceded them in their ardent desire to tame the untamable "red man", came Mère Marie from the quiet of her Ursuline convent at Tours; only two nuns in her charge, and the "sanguine, devoted, wilful *fondatrice*", Madame de la Peltrie, in tow. Here, under the most primitive conditions, they began their civilizing work of teaching such little French girls as the settlement could boast, and of "Christianizing" as

many little Indian girls as they could muster. From first to last it was a hard, in many respects a cruel life; disasters (though they never called them by that name) overtook them; but "the noteworthy characteristic of Ursula's daughters is their valorous spirit", we are told, and this mere handful of resolute women kept faith with the traditions of their order. The same must also be said with all emphasis, of the Jesuit Fathers, who, almost unremittingly exposed to and frequently suffering the most abominable tortures, lived hard and half savage lives among the Indians for pure love of their ideal.

In the pioneer life, certain basic qualities would appear to be indispensable, and Mère Marie possessed them to an uncommon degree, for, "toiling in her humble field", she "arrived at wisdom through the exercise of that unflawed common sense which studied circumstances, measured possibilities, took chances, and achieved results." Yet this grave, capable, superficially unemotional woman must have had, buried deep within her, the unquenchable flame of romance (as indispensable an element in pioneer life, as warfare is inevitable)—a love of romance which only her well-balanced nature kept within bounds, for had she not glimpsed what to her was a future "wilder than any dream", she could hardly have accomplished a task so formidable, with so much success. Indomitable courage was, of course, hers, as must surely be the case with all those who live a frontier life; but what really made her work possible and lasting was that she had imagination; she had vision; there was more than a touch of the mystic in her, and *that* must be the quality of all others necessary in pioneer work, if it is to bear fruit.

Adventure, pioneer work, blazing a trail, even of a modest kind, must always be matters not only of interesting study, but of deep concern to those who are connected with the Theosophical Movement, for what was Madame Blavatsky if not adventurous in the Cause to which she gave her life; could any pioneer work ever done be more splendid than hers, and after her, Mr. Judge's? And what is the Movement doing to-day if not blazing a trail into unexplored territory? But these are great matters, the full significance of which is clear only to those of great vision. There is also a simpler lesson to be found in this book; a simpler though not a less important lesson for some of us who are of smaller calibre than our great pioneers, and it is this: those men and women *knew what they wanted*, and being by nature full of the spirit of divine adventure, they went hot foot after the desired object, and they never so much as glanced to right or to left *until they got it.* And when they got it, they discovered that they wanted still more of it—so they *got that.* By their burning fervour they created a demand which brought its own supply. There was no end to their desire for service of their cause, so there was, of course, no end to the opportunities given them both for preparation and for service itself. Theirs was "the enduring quality of French courage, which failure makes persistent, and disaster quickens into flame." We are greatly indebted to Miss Repplier who has given us a book not only of great charm and full of most interesting information, but also one which is full of suggestions pointing to life's deepest lessons, for anyone who wishes to read them there. T. D.

Atlantis in Andalucia, A Study of Folk Memory, by E. M. Whishaw; London, Rider & Co., 1930; 15*s*.

This interesting volume will almost certainly mark a turning point in the modern scientific discussions as to the existence of Atlantis, and of a so-called pre-historic Atlantean civilization. The evidence and theories presented deserve, and demand, thorough investigation. What Max Nordau called "the eternal enigma of the origin of the Iberian civilization" now finds a key in the amazing remains in Niebla, a forgotten mining town on the Rio Tinto, thirty miles from the sea-coast of southern Spain. The mines there were used successively by the Arabs, by the Romans, by the Carthaginians back to 560 B. C., by the Greeks, and then by the earlier Bronze Age inhabitants; while beyond even that time are the remains of a series of well-defined civilizations, each in turn mining, in receding order, copper, then silver, then gold—and "the silver is more perfectly extracted than the copper, . . . and the gold is more skilfully worked than either" (pp. 12, 24). Accumulative evidence both archæological and ethnological, invariably points to the fact that, in this neighbourhood, the further one

penetrates into so-called Neolithic and Stone Age times, the higher is the civilization revealed, the more refined the culture, and the greater the engineering skill—rivalling in almost every sense that of to-day. Cyclopean walls closely related to those in North Africa in workmanship, Dolmens, Menhirs and Sun-Temples of perfect construction, water-works that, cleared of rubbish, are doing service to-day and have proved a blessing to the indigent natives, all point to an extraordinary development, quite inexplicable except in terms of a lost civilization. Folk memory has preserved vivid accounts of a Flood, followed by a terrible drought; and the detail of these folk memories actually provided Mrs. Whishaw with the necessary clues to work out the engineering accomplishment of these Atlantean craftsmen, who lived, she firmly believes, "any time from 12,000 to 30,000 or 40,000 years ago" (p. 6).

The book reads at times like a romance. Mrs. Whishaw describes herself as a widow of seventy-two, who, as an amateur, has devoted her whole time for twenty-six years to the solution of this problem. She tells with skill and delightful enthusiasm the story of her successive discoveries. Stranded at the outbreak of the War, she lived in a "hovel built against the Gate of the Ox on the town wall . . . literally alone", and her food bill was perforce limited "to a peseta a day" (p. 8). This Gate of the Ox, going straight back to the primitive Iberians of Tartessus, being offered at a later date for sale, Mrs. Whishaw bought it for the bargain price of £30., and it now forms part of the museum which her zeal and industry have created. Slowly she won the respect and confidence of the natives; and when, during a drought, her clear-sighted application of the legends related to her, enabled her to trace the Neolithic underground water conduit, which came from the mountains miles away, crossed under the tainted river of Tinto (which "no bird or fish or reptile" could drink, and live, p. 103), and delivered, when cleared, an enormous stream of the purest water to the very centre of the hill-top town, the Alcalde and "the whole town rose *en masse*", and, "amid the shouts of men and women", Mrs. Whishaw was made an adopted daughter of Niebla, and the freedom of the city was given her (p. 106). Gradually the scientific world became aware of these discoveries; learned visitors came, and small contributions were made to broaden the area of investigation. Mrs. Whishaw's work finally received recognition, for in 1929 she was extended full membership in the Spanish Society of Anthropology, Ethnography, and Prehistory (p. 280). But the learned world is slow to part from cherished prejudices, and even those who are sympathetic, seek first for any plausible explanation, however ingenious, rather than admit "that Plato's story is corroborated from first to last by what we find here, even the Atlantean name of his son Gadir, who inherited that part of Poseidon's kingdom which lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules and ruled at Gades, having its echo in the traditional Gadea on the Rio Tinto in the jurisdiction of Niebla, an ancient mill under the shadow of a Stone Age fortress, relics of which still stand" (p. 7). Students of *The Secret Doctrine* will find material of the highest interest throughout this fascinating volume; and one cannot but hope that the labours of so valiant a pioneer will reap the harvest of wide-spread recognition and acceptance.

M. H.

The Weary Road, by Charles Douie; John Murray, London, 1929; price 6*s*.

In the July, 1928, issue of the QUARTERLY, there was an appreciative comment in "The Screen of Time" on Mr. Douie's articles ("Memories of 1914–1918") which were then appearing in *The Nineteenth Century and After* magazine. These articles, "written at odd hours", have now appeared as a book, with a fine Introduction by Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. In the Preface, the author tells us that "hasty judgments" have been revised, and new material added. We are indeed glad that in *The Weary Road* Mr. Douie's splendid articles are now available under one cover, for we should not wish to lose any part of what he has to tell us of his War experiences. Absorbingly interesting as these are, however, it is not the experiences themselves which tell us most; it is his reflections upon them and his observations in regard to them; in regard to the effects of the War on the men who took part in it; in regard, also, to the ideals of "the soldier". These reflections are full of a penetrating discernment, and much that he says is of the deepest interest to students of Theosophy, because it is one more bit of evidence to prove the resemblance which exists between the mili-

tary and the theosophical life. Mr. Douie, who served on the Western Front with the famous "Dorsets", was hardly out of school when he took up soldiering, but he comes of a family of professional soldiers, and has, therefore, an inherited comprehension of military standards. Thus, in interpretation of these ideals: "The soldier is accused of bartering away his right to determine his own conduct, of having no creed, no will of his own. . . . The soldier has not bartered away his right to his private judgment; he has renounced it—a very different thing. Renunciation is a quality much in disrepute, since modern education set out to teach the virtues of self-expression. But the need for it is no less great; indeed, the more one part of the community achieves self-expression, the more must the other part of the community renounce. Fortunately, renunciation has its rewards: in time of peace the soldier learns that in putting the interests of his regiment ever before his own interests, he obtains a greater freedom, not a less." In these words we find a striking similarity to the ideal of most members of The Theosophical Society, for it is the code of the *Bhagavad Gîta:* "He should be known as ever renouncing who hates not nor desires"—renunciation of all that is opposed to Spirit, leads to an acceptance of the Will of the Supreme. The chêla has not bartered away his right to his private judgment, he has renounced it; he has given it to his Higher Self, or his Master; and many a student of Theosophy has long since realized that "in putting the interests of his regiment [the T.S.] ever before his own interests, he [also] obtains a greater freedom, not a less": he finds himself. How often at T.S. meetings has this ideal been set before us,—while the mania for self-expression in the world to-day has been the subject of discussion more than once—a discussion by no means flattering to the exponents of self-expression.

The Weary Road is a book of high and noble memories, and the survivors of the War, "the remnant of a great fellowship", are deeply conscious that they owe a debt "which cannot ever be fully paid, to the dead." It was because of the desire to repay some part of the debt, that the book was written, and while Mr. Douie would have no one forget the "disaster and death" which the War brought, "the triumph of the spirit of man" over these, is what he would stress. On this ground, therefore, he protests against much that is lurid in the War literature of to-day: "While it is well that we should remember the material horror and carnage of the Somme, it is not well that we should forget that many men there found their manhood, there first knew the triumph of spirit over fear and fatigue." Mr. Douie refers also to what some others have noticed as a phenomenon of the War—the growth of a kind of mystical consciousness in many men of all ranks; a consciousness "of a mystery in the heart of things, some identity of man with that which gave him birth"; the "sense of forming part of the Whole, and the contentment which that sense could bring in the presence of death."

It is, however, with the poignant memory of "the best-loved, the gallant, the single-hearted," that we come upon those passages which will, perhaps, remain with us the longest. "Here above the Ancre lie many of the most gallant of my regiment, men who were my friends, men whose memory I shall revere to the end of time. . . . They have passed into the silence. We hear their voices no more. Yet it must be that somewhere the music of those voices lingers, and that in time to come it will inspire and strengthen men who in pursuit of an ideal may be called upon to make a like sacrifice. . . . If we have any consolation, it is that they held their heads high in life, and that when the darkness closed round them, they did not flinch."

Mr. Douie has given us a book of rare beauty and understanding, with a pervading sense that Life is a unity. "Though I knew that the blood of men who were my friends must soon incarnadine these fields, I had in my heart a sense that through their sacrifice life would become more noble in due time." Few War books of to-day penetrate so deeply into the real meaning of the War as does *The Weary Road.* Never deceived by the glamour of mere action, Mr. Douie looks always deeper, seeing behind the transitory, physical conflict, the everlasting conflict of the soul of man in his long, upward ascent, and that those loved companions at whose side he fought—the men whose lives were gladly given, "unfaltering and unrepining"—were never more splendid than in the hour of their passing "to that high fellowship beyond our ken."

T. D.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 362.—*As a beginner I am much struck with the emphasis laid on love of a Master as a means of progress, both at the meetings of the Society and in the pages of the* QUARTERLY. *If one is not conscious of this intense and special love, what can be done about it? Is it not a gift?*

ANSWER.—What happens in every-day life when we come in contact with a person who arouses in us admiration, respect, reverence for his qualities of mind and heart and spirit? What do we do about it? We study this individual, and the more we do so, the closer we feel drawn to him, the better we understand something of the motives which lie behind his acts and words. We glimpse unsuspected reaches, we realize more fully his quality. We begin to try to imitate him, to act "as if" we, too, were actuated and inspired by the same motives. We desire greatly to be with him often, to know him better. Finally, we begin to love him. We begin to long to do something for him, to help him in any way that we can. We begin, at last, to love with intensity, because of what we did about it when we only loved a little.

We can do the same thing in the world of Reality, following, obeying our Master,—acting "as if",—until we become conscious of an intensity of love within us, which *then* is his gift to us, after we have done our part, after we have reached out to take by violence the Kingdom which he has offered. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Everything can be done about it. "God is love." The end, the consummation, of human evolution may be described in terms of love of one's Master. The first thing to do about it, even before any special course of action be undertaken, is not to rest content with an interesting and appealing theory, but to take home to oneself that "this means me". My Master, whoever he may be,—and each one of us has his Master—loves *me*, loves me *now*, just as I am, stupid and foolish, crooked and smirched; but if I respond to his love by the smallest interior acts of recognition, and appreciation, and gratitude, a new relationship can be established which has literally no limits to its future possibilities of intimacy and collaboration. The earlier stages resolve themselves into loyalty on our part to this relationship—we may trust his loyalty; and loyalty will mean obedience. Obedience, it has been said, first to conscience, to the finest shades and refinements of conscience, to conscience interpreted as the will or behest of one's Master, even in little things. It is not so very long before obedience and love become indistinguishable. The difficulties will depend largely on how far our attention is concentrated on him, and our centre of interest from day to day is transferred to him, or on how far we are still chiefly concerned with, and about, ourselves. One thing is certain: love—passionate, consuming love—of one's Master can be realized by anyone bent on attaining it. But it is doubtful if we shall hasten the finish by delaying the start. R.

ANSWER.—Love of one's Master is both the means and the goal of all true progress. How to gain it is, and has been through the ages, the theme of every Scripture and spiritual book worthy of the name. It is a gift, but a gift that every one born into the world will, sooner or later, be given an opportunity to acquire. Every power that we have is a gift from on high, but for the most part these gifts are not given directly. Instead, they are put where we can

reach them, provided we make the necessary effort. What we regard as "our" desire to love our Master—whoever that Master may be—is in reality the reflection of his love for us. The realization of this love is the "pearl of great price", and to gain it one must "sell all that one has", of self-will and self-love. The road to it is obedience,—obedience to the highest that we can see. The "Screen of Time", in the April, 1920, THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, will be found very illuminating in this connection. B.

ANSWER.—A gift—yes: but what is a gift? To my mind, a "gift" falls into one of two categories: either a reply to my demand, or a development, by my own effort, of a quality embedded in me as an inherent part of my existence on that plane of nature to which the quality pertains. In the last analysis, we are part of the All, we exist only in the Absolute; so that all powers and all qualities are present in us, awaiting our development of them. A man has a field: he cultivates it, and grows potatoes there, with which he feeds himself and his family. They are poor, but they do not starve. Thus it goes on for several years. Then he discovers rich deposits in his field; he sacrifices everything so as to develop these deposits; he extracts his gold, his radium: he is no longer poor. It is the same in the spiritual world. I can work the surface of my life and produce *for* that surface: or I can believe in its hidden riches, and prove their existence and develop them. One is of the earth, earthy, the other, eternal in the heavens. If we want love, we must begin by faith in our latent possession of it; then we must labour for it, and we must sacrifice for it. It may take time; it is sure to take courage and endurance and self-mastery: for love is a great "gift"—the greatest—and the price to be paid for it is high. But my point is that I do not have to go out *for* it; I already have it,—only I must bring it to the surface by my toil. When in addition I "demand", when my will can reach that hidden sanctuary where the Great Ones sit, and by its power my cry can pass that threshold where no sound which has the discord of self in it can be heard,—then indeed there is help and to spare. As *Light on the Path* tells us,—"for those who are strong enough to conquer the vices of the personal human nature. . . . He (the Adept) is consciously at hand, easily recognized, ready to answer." M.

QUESTION NO. 363.—*Long ago it was said "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." In what respect does the doctrine of Karma tell us more than this?*

ANSWER.—In one sense these words are the complete expression of the law of Karma. In ordinary Christian terms the emphasis is usually laid on the implied threat contained in them, the warning that evil and sin will inevitably bring sorrow and unhappiness. Why not emphasize instead the extraordinary promise that is implied, a promise without finality and without limit? *Nothing* is impossible. Reach upon reach of the spiritual world is open to us, height upon height can be attained, wisdom and love and power can be ours beyond all that we can ask or think. Depending upon what? Upon the purity and selflessness of our motive and desire; upon our growth in wisdom and understanding; upon the victories which we win in the ways of inner self-conquest; upon what we *do* about it, upon *how* we sow.
C. R. A.

ANSWER.—St. Paul, an Initiate, was stating the doctrine of Karma when he said, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." He might have added that whatsoever a man reapeth, that he has also sown at some time in his past. St. Paul's statement contains the whole doctrine of Karma for those who have eyes to see, just as all of Euclidian geometry is contained in the few axioms of Euclid; but most of us need to have the meanings and implications of such pregnant statements unfolded for us. As they are studied, they are found to contain meaning within meaning of ever-deepening richness. Mr. Judge's chapter on Karma in the *Ocean of Theosophy*, and Prof. Mitchell's article on "Karma" in the April, 1914, QUARTERLY, will both repay study. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—This doctrine of the Christian Master as expressed by St. Paul, is a finely accurate statement of the law of Karma. But usually it is interpreted, in the West, without taking

Reincarnation into account. A man who has overeaten and suffers from indigestion, knows he pays the penalty for his own act of gluttony. But a man who is born with a deformity usually cannot see the justice of his suffering, and may resent it bitterly. That cause lay in a past life. His present condition is "bad" Karma only if he fail to use the opportunity which his deformity provides. G. M. W. K.

QUESTION NO. 364.—*Am I right in supposing that Karma means the reward of good deeds, and that evil deeds will be punished?*

ANSWER.—Yes—and No! Like all the great Truths of the Theosophia, Karma may be approached from several points of view. We may see it as punishment and reward; or as an interplay of forces; or perhaps as the manifestation of "the qualities of the unseen Rulers of the universe, working through all the hierarchies of beings beneath them," down to and including those entities known as Elementals.

By the lay-student, Karma is usually interpreted to mean the "reward of good deeds, and that evil deeds will be punished"; but, so far as human Karma is concerned, the Eternal Triad —Atma, Buddhi, Manas—is the only part of Man, in the true sense, that carries or can carry the effects of past lives into the future life or lives. If this be true, then, since the consciousness of most people is not centred in that Eternal Triad, the idea of suffering and reward has no direct relation to Karma, i.e., it is a by-product, an effect, and not a cause of payment of debt. Karma is really, from one aspect at least, *a matter of the perpetual maintenance of a balance of forces.* In *The Path*, Vol. VII, p. 366, we find the following among a series of aphorisms on Karma given Mr. Judge by his teachers: "Karma is the adjustment of effects flowing from causes during which the being upon whom and through whom that adjustment is effected experiences pain or pleasure."

To interpret Karma solely as punishment and reward is, therefore, not exactly wrong; but it is viewing Karma from the lowest plane of manifestation—from the worldly standpoint. To see Karma as the perpetual maintenance of a balance of forces is to go up a step, as it were, provided one does not become mired in the pit of materialistic interpretation incident to such a view of forces when held separately and without regard to the "universality of consciousness, and to the divine purpose and guidance of manifested life". W. S. F.

ANSWER.—You are partly right in so far as the material plane is concerned. There, our personality, due to time and the polarizing quality of the mind, sees Karma manifesting in the sequential aspects of cause and effect, action and reaction; but the division of effect or reaction into reward and punishment has nothing to do with Karma. This division occurs when our personality, looking at effects from its own point of view, calls effects which further its desires, reward; and effects which hinder its desires, punishment.

A clearer conception of Karma comes when we view this law as a unity of cause and effect. An analogy of the moon, a unity, with its light and dark halves corresponding to action and reaction, serves to aid our understanding. However, for a true understanding of Karma, we must view it, so far as is possible, in the light of the Ego. From this point of view, this law would seem to be the great and beneficent servant of the Ego. By its very kindliness, it drives the protesting individuality through personal incarnations; there to teach it, by effects, what causes it must not set in motion. When at length the personality realizes that in obedience lies liberty, then only is it on the way to union with Karma and its own Ego. H. S.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY:

Thank you for the opportunity to reply to the questions, growing out of an article entitled "Things Prophetical" in the January, 1931, QUARTERLY, which were sent to you by a student of Theosophy in Germany.

In substance, these questions are: 1) Is the sentence quoted on page 263 from *The Mahatma Letters:* "The *latter end* of a very important cycle"—meant to be a commentary on, and therefore applied to, "the 5th western subrace of the 5th Rootrace," which is "running to its *apex*". 2) In the quotations from H.P.B.'s article, page 265, based on E. Zasse, referring to the wave of Empires which pass from Eastern, Central and Western Asia, to "Eastern and Western Europe, and Egypt", the wave does not seem, as stated, to bring "*to each* in its turn the events which it has brought to *the one next preceding*," but to skip from Central Asia to Europe, i.e., to Egypt or the Ottoman Empire. How explain this?

I. In the passage quoted from *The Mahatma Letters* on page 263 of the January, 1930, QUARTERLY, on which the first question is based, the phrase "The latter end of a very important cycle" was *not* meant to be applied to "the cycle of the 5th western subrace of the 5th Rootrace." The reference to the "break-up of our civilization" in the preceding sentence, foot of page 262, might suggest this inference, since the passage was unfortunately not written with sufficient clearness. In the paragraph following, however, this "very important cycle" is specifically identified with "our Fourth Round as a whole." The epicycle of the Fifth Root Race is not referred to; the still smaller cycle of the Fifth sub-race of the Fifth Root Race, is said in the *Mahatma Letters* to be "running on to its apex." This would carry with it in succession, seven Family Races, with their seven respective "off-shoots and branchlets", which would seem to be represented by the main groups of Western peoples, distributed amongst the several Western nations,—each and all of which either have had, or will have, their successive and respective "brilliant noons". The Fifth Race, which began "a million years ago", is on the verge of reaching, a) the apex of its Fifth sub-race; and, b) the beginning of its Sixth sub-race. Its First sub-race still lives in India. Its second (said to be the Egyptians) has ceased to exist; the Third and Fourth do not seem to be precisely defined. The "curious rush" of the past 2000 years is due to a double action: 1) the "acceleration" due to the fact that the Fourth Round *as a whole* has passed its mid-point, and is beginning "its downward course"; and 2) the further acceleration due to the heightened activity of the "western subrace" approaching its "brilliant noon." A very large cycle, rushing downwards, which overshadows and carries a smaller cycle within itself, actually accelerates the speed of the smaller cycle, as a tail wind accelerates the mechanical speed of an airplane.

II. In the article by H.P.B., quoting E. Zasse, no effort was made to correct or amplify what he wrote. There is no hard and fast line between Asia and Europe, in the sense of Empires. Ancient Egypt is said to have embraced what later came to be called Asia Minor,

parts of Turkestan and Persia, the borders of Mongolia in certain periods of *its* history, the Ægean, etc., and lay as a connecting link between what is now known as Asia and Europe. Its place was taken geographically by Persia in 500 B.C., and the Ottoman Empire 1000 years later in 1500 A.D. The 250 year cycles cited, fall into groups of four, composing single larger cycles of 1000 years each. The wave, as H.P.B. (not Zasse) points out, "ceaselessly moves further on to the West" (p. 265), and it is very interesting and suggestive to see how the centre of gravity of successive Empires shifted further and further westward. China, mentioned first by Zasse, is the last of a preceding cycle, and as an Atlantean remnant, apparently gave its impulse to the West and does not seem to have renewed this cycle since. A diagram makes this clearer.

EUROPE		ASIA		
4.	3.	2.	1.	
Troy (?) 1000 B.C.	Greece 1250 B.C.	Egypt 1500 B.C.	Mongolia 1750 B.C.	(China 2000 B.C.)
Roman Empire 1 A.D.	Greece 250 B.C.	Persia 500 B.C.	Scythians 750 B.C.	————
Papal Empire 1000 A.D.	Byzantine Emp. 750 A.D.	Persia 500 A.D.	Huns (Mongols) 250 A.D.	————
? 2000 A.D.	Russian Emp. 1750 A.D.	Ottoman Emp. 1500 A.D.	Mongolian Emp. 1250 A.D.	————

The Ottoman Empire at its apex under Sulieman the Magnificent, 1512 to 1538 and later, held all of Transylvania, Kurdistan, Syria, and Egypt,—much of which was formerly held by Egypt—as well as the more westward territories of Greece and most of the Ægean Islands, Hungary and part of Austria, Albania, and even Otranto in Italy, etc., etc. Any Encyclopædia will give the information. Similarly, Russia in 1750 conquered most of the earlier Byzantine Empire, which in its turn was essentially Greek. The parallels are striking and instructive.

QUÆSITOR.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter and spring at 64 Washington Mews (between Washington Square and East 8th Street), on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half-past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Branch members will receive a printed announcement, giving the dates. The same announcement will also be mailed to non-members who send their names to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box, 64, Station O, New York. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.